

# Sports Illustrated

MARCH 18, 1963 25 CENTS

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**THE LISTON-PATTERSON** fight is previewed by Robert Boyle. Plus pictures and drawings showing how Liston can be hit and showing exactly how he got to Patterson the last time.

**TROUT SEASON** is now only a few weeks away, and this year, as in every year past, the wait has seemed longer. Mark Kauffman's color pictures make spring worth waiting for.

**SPEED DOESN'T SCARE** Roger Penske, but he says, "I've got too much at stake to back my neck." Gilbert Rogan describes both careers of our most promising sports car driver.





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# SCORECARD

## A SMOLDER IN THE SOUTH

Football's Southeastern Conference is shaken by growing rumors of dishonorable collusion among high officials of the athletic staffs of rival colleges. The rumors bear on more than one game played in the Deep South last season. John Griffith, Georgia's young head football coach, has his suspicions and he's concerned. So is the University of Georgia's president, Dr. O. C. Aderhold. So is Governor Carl Sanders. So are other coaches, publishers, lawyers and as many inquisitive fans as there are with their ears to the ground around Athens, Atlanta and Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Walter Byers, executive director of the NCAA, is loth to investigate, no doubt hoping there's no fire under all that smoke. But he'll be a sorry man if he learns there is enough latent flame to destroy the whole Southeastern Conference and leave the good reputation of college football in sadly charred condition.

## DISASTER ON THE ICE

In its European tour preceding the world hockey championships at Stockholm, the American amateur hockey team won only three of 17 games; in its opening game at the championships the U.S. was thrashed, 11-3, by little Finland, a country that has no indoor rinks and only four artificial ones outside. The Americans looked positively pathetic. The Finnish manager said the only weaker team he had played against was Estonia's. One Swedish newspaper regarded the team as a joke, and Stockholm's *Aftonbladet* called it a "schoolboy game."

The tragedy of this situation is that it reflects on the players when, in fact, the blame should rest on irrational celebration back home. America simply does not field its best players in the world championships. Many of the best players just can't afford to play. Although payments for out-of-pocket expenses are allowed without limit, the Amateur Hockey Association has a problem even meeting minimum expenses. It has to pay the way of its team in the tournament by sending it first on an exhibition

tour and this, for a start, is unattractive to married players with jobs to hold down. But topping that, the players were given, for a period of five weeks, the grand total of \$20 for pocket money, hardly enough to pay for stamps on mail home, and a sum that made them the laughingstock of other nations.

At breakfast in Stockholm's Grand Hotel one day, Walter Brown, a vice-president of the International Ice Hockey Federation, observed that the American problem is to build up "some type of postgraduate competition" that will continue the development of college players after school. The colleges themselves, he felt, are not developing enough good U.S. players "mainly because our college powerhouses in ice hockey are loaded with Canadians, to the detriment of our own boys."

And, of course, there is that matter of expenses. Unfortunately, it is only in an Olympic year that the Amateur Hockey Association collects anything like the money it needs, because then contributions can be deducted from income tax. While the New Frontier is fiddling around with tax reforms, it might consider the need for reform here. Or else designate U.S. amateur ice hockey a disaster area.

## RECORD PROSPECT

The obvious aptitude of Valeri Brumel, the Soviet high jumper, for the decathlon has been pointed out in these columns before. Now he is going to attempt it. He plans to enter the annual Moscow-Leningrad-Russia-Byelorussia-Ukraine meet this May.

According to his close friend, Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, a rundown of Brumel's best marks in decathlon events adds up to 8,414 points, only 269 short of Rafer Johnson's world record of 8,683. Although Brumel's best times and distances were not recorded under the demanding decathlon schedule—10 events in two days—at least they show remarkable promise. A little practice in some of his weak events, for example, would surely add hundreds of points

to Brumel's total. His best 110-meter hurdles time, for instance, is 16.2 seconds, but experts believe that with two weeks' practice he could bring it down to 14.9 or better, adding 283 points to his total.

Brumel starts the decathlon with the enormous advantage of a virtually sure 1,500 points for a high jump of 7 feet  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch, a height he has cleared more than a hundred times in competition.

The outlook: Brumel could hit 9,000 points or better in less than a year. Footnote: C. K. Yang of Formosa and UCLA hopes to make the magic 9,000 points first.

## ROCK OF AGES

Somewhere between 12,000 and a million years ago, a massive tongue of Puget Glacier, advancing down into Washington State from Canada, gouged huge boulders out of the Fraser River bed and shoved them south as far as the foothills of Mount Rainier. When the glacier receded it dropped the boulders in a long string up and down the Puget Sound area. The most impressive, a haystack-sized rock, came to rest precariously on a South Bellingham hillside. In the past



100 years the 600-ton giant has become the subject of legend, has given sport to thousands and has provided from its summit a most exhilarating view. Now the State Department of Highways has put it down as an "obstruction" to the freeway it is pushing from Seattle to Vancouver, B.C., and has marked it for destruction.

Well, that has been tried before. It has been tried by Irish miners, Swedish loggers and the WPA, none of whom ever made a dent in it or budged it an



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to head cold  
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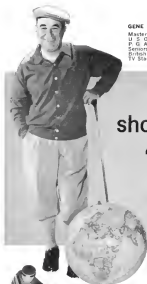


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#### SCORECARD continued

inch. So impervious has it been, turning aside steel drills like matchsticks, that the city fathers of Bellingham were forced to split Donovan Street around both its sides, with the rock in the center like the pin in a cherry.

Though generations of kids have found it ideal for playing king-of-the-mountain, the miners and loggers have had the most fun with it. Miners and loggers cannot exist in the same saloon without an argument, and the argument, 70 years ago, used to be whether miners or loggers would be the first to send the rock toppling down the hillside, unconcerned about the fate of farmhouses in the valley. So out they would troop from Mike Slattery's saloon and charge up the hill, the miners laden with picks and drills and blasting powder, the loggers toting axes with which to chop down trees to be used as levers, both taking the precaution to haul along a barrel of beer. The miners would run their drills and explode their charges harmlessly. The loggers would place a log against the upper side of the rock, lever a plank as pry across it and, with mighty, roaring heavehos, try 20-strong to jolt the rock from out of its bed. Eventually the beer would run out.

It may run out for the highway department, too, and we hope it does.

#### REPEAL OF THE UNWRITTEN LAW

Back in 1956, filed by the Supreme Court's school desegregation decision, Mississippi State University withdrew its basketball team from the Evansville, Ind. invitational basketball tournament. It became unwritten law that MSU would play in no tournament that included desegregated teams. It was a most unpopular law with players, students, sports fans and most Mississippi sports-writers, who clamored for its repeal. The clamor became uproarious last week. Students circulated petitions that the basketball team (21 victories, 5 defeats), Southeastern Conference champions, be sent to the NCAA basketball tournament at East Lansing, Mich., where its opponent would be Loyola of Chicago. The Loyola first string, four Negroes, one white player M. M. Roberts, one state college board member, howled that such a game would be "the greatest challenge to our way of life since the Reconstruction."

But MSU President D. W. Colvard, after checking with his trustees, receiving

a petition signed by 3,000 students and hearing from numerous alumni associations, announced that he would permit the trip "unless hindered by competent authority." Governor Ross Barnett stepped in with a declaration against the trip, but then he drew away from the controversy, saying it was a matter for the college board to decide. The board met, while students picketed with a sign: "Don't discriminate against whites. Let State play." The board voted, 8 to 3, to do just that.

It is not to be deduced from all this that integration is coming swiftly to Mississippi. Proponents of the trip were just more interested in seeing MSU share the glory of a national meet than in what they consider groundless fears that the team would be "contaminated." But at least it was a move in the right direction and—as so often in the past—a move in which sports took the first step.

#### INSTANT LION

Sport's latest fix has nothing to do with basketball or professional football. It has to do with hunting mountain lions.

Gunde Dawson Riley escorted a hunter into the Fort McDowell area north of Mesa, Ariz., a while back. There, waiting for the hunter, was a full-grown lion. The hunter shot him and paid Riley \$500, the customary fee for a kill.

Last week Riley admitted in court that he had planted the lion, which he had purchased for \$250. He kept it, a bobcat and another lion caged in his backyard until the hunter turned up. Then he hauled it into the mountains and turned it loose. Returning with the hunter, he had his dogs pick up the trail and they soon trod the lion.

Does this happen often, someone asked Robert Beasley, enforcement officer of the Arizona Game and Fish Department.

"What's unusual about it," said Beasley, "is that Riley was caught."

#### WET GROUNDS

The world's first water-borne stadium may yet be built in Seattle, a city seething with plans to lure major league football and baseball franchises to its environs and still a little heady from the success of its World's Fair.

The idea, conceived by an architect, an engineer and a construction company, would float on the waters of Elliott Bay a stadium that would seat some 60,000 spectators for baseball and 70,000 for football.

*a continued*



**What's low in upkeep, high in mileage, maneuverable in any weather, adaptable to any terrain, air-cooled, water-tight, trim outside, roomy inside, equipped with three spares, precision-engineered with 42 hidden changes to date but looks the same every year?**

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**SCORECARD**

For a team that has a floating bridge already, and another one abuilding, this is not too radical a notion. Allan McDonald, the architect, made it seem almost prosaic.

"We wanted something near downtown," he said, "and when you think of the acreage that is needed a floating stadium is the only answer. We have lots of water."

A roll-away dome top would shelter the crowds during the rainy spells that Seattle endures in late autumn. The stadium would rest on concrete pontoons that would utilize variable ballast to hold the structure absolutely level, even in a windstorm. A breakwater would shelter it from waves. There would be a marina for boats, so that fans could sail to the games, but even that is no special novelty in Seattle, many of whose residents sail to University of Washington football games.

Estimated cost: \$15 million to \$20 million, but a titillated Seattle wouldn't mind at all. "My gosh," one of the townfolk said, "we could have the 10th wonder of the world out here."

**A BATTERY MATE FOR YOGI**

The Houston Colts' rookie pitcher, Jim Dickson, answers to the name of *Dix*, but not because of any resemblance to the matchless pitching artistry of Jerome Herman (or was it Jay Hanna?) Dean. It's because of incidents like this one:

In the 45s' training camp at Apache Junction, Ariz., Dickson complained that the hotel room he shared with John Batesman was stuffy. Batesman obliged by opening wide the floor-to-ceiling window and carefully closing the screen. But Dickson urged him to open the screen, too.

"But the fresh air can come through the screen," Batesman pointed out.

"Yeah, I know," Dix agreed, "but then it's all chopped up."

**THEY SAID IT**

• Darrell Royal, University of Texas football coach, when three freshmen quit the squad during spring training: "If they don't want to play football, I'd rather they quit now than in front of 75,000 people."

• Bob Uecker, Brave rookie, who has hit one home run and is rooming with Eddie Mathews: "Between me and my roommate we've hit 400 major league home runs."

**END**





## Guests where?

Well, they're on top of the world. And it's the ancient world of Rothenburg, Germany. The unusual 15th century structure is really an inn and curiously enough, is over what used to be a smithy. And that nook where you see our travelers is a unique and delightful gable room—very cozy.

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# AND NOW THERE ARE TWO

As Jim Beatty deserted his beloved mile for a longer test, the track season's sensational newcomer, Tom O'Hara, stepped right into the vacant shoes by **WALTER BINGHAM**

**J**im Beatty, mature and confident, relaxed on his bed in a Chicago hotel last week and made this statement: "I would like to set a new indoor record in the two-mile. I feel the record should belong to an American." So saying, Beatty arose, changed into his track clothes, hustled over to Chicago Stadium and, as advertised, broke New Zealander Murray Halberg's indoor two-mile record by nearly four seconds. In doing so Beatty, who also holds the indoor mile and outdoor two-mile records, proved what many have long suspected, that he is the best distance runner in the world.

*continued*





Tom O'Hara, young and shy, was also in Chicago last week. O'Hara runs the mile, and his performances this winter have made him the most sensational discovery of the indoor season. O'Hara made no statement before his race last week—he wouldn't have dared. He simply showed up at Chicago Stadium and won the mile in 3:59.5, his second sub-four-minute mile this winter.

Beatty is a bright old name. O'Hara a bright new one. Together they give the U.S. two outstanding middle-distance runners. The U.S. has not won an Olympic 1,500-meter race since 1908, and it has never won a 5,000-meter race, but those who saw Beatty and O'Hara in Chicago last week would be willing to bet that one and perhaps both of them will win a gold medal in 1964.

Beatty's record run in Chicago was more of an exhibition than a race, for despite the presence of Canada's youthful distance star, Bruce Kidd, there was only temporary doubt as to who would win. Beatty finished the first mile in 4:13.5. (Less than 10 years ago Wes Santee won the mile race in Chicago in 4:11.8.) He finished the two miles in 8:30.7. At the end Kidd was 120 yards back, and Beatty was running with only the cheers of the crowd to urge him on. "I might have done it even faster if someone had been able to push me at the end," Beatty said when the race was over. It evidently did not occur to him that this was nearly impossible.

Whereas Beatty ran by himself, young Tom O'Hara had plenty of company. Also in the race were Jim Grelle, a teammate of Beatty who last year in London ran a 3:56.7 mile, and Bill Dotson, another sub-four-minute miler. The three were bunched closely for most of the first three quarters. But with two laps to go, late by preface plans, O'Hara took off. "I knew the time was slow and that I'd have to go all out," he said after the race. O'Hara opened a lead of four yards and held it. Grelle was second, Dotson third. Both finished in 3:59.8, the first time three runners in the same indoor race have ever run under four minutes.

On inspection, Tom O'Hara, who is now only 20, looks incapable of jogging once around the block. A student at Loyola of Chicago, he is a frail boy, only 5 feet 9 and 130 pounds, with light-red hair and a chalky-white skin that suggests sickness. While he talks he often holds his arms as if shivering. He walks

with a slight stoop. Somewhere within him lies a well of determination, but no trace of it appears on the surface. His expression is bewildered and friendly.

O'Hara ran his first sub-four-minute mile at the New York Athletic Club meet a month ago, pushing Beatty to a new indoor record of 3:58.6. O'Hara trailed through three quarters in 3:00.7, then passed Beatty and held the lead going into the last of the 11 laps. It was the first time in his three races against Beatty—all indoors—that O'Hara had led on the final lap. "I figured I'd won," he said later. "I didn't think anyone could beat me if I led on the final lap."

"Tom was upset with himself after the race," says Jerry Weiland, a dapper-looking Chicago businessman who coaches the Loyola track team on the side. "Then he heard his time, and losing wasn't so bad."

#### Better and better

Neither of O'Hara's fine performances was especially surprising, for he had been coming close to the sub-four-minute mile for a year. Last winter he twice chased Beatty across the finish line in 4:02.3 and 4:01.7, and earlier this year he won the Wanamaker Mile in the Millrose Games in 4:01.5. "Tom said he felt late after that race," Weiland says. "That's when I was certain he'd break four minutes any day." O'Hara probably would have gone under four minutes outdoors last spring but for an ankle injury that ruined his season. Now there is nothing wrong with the ankle—or anything else.

A group of Loyola teammates were kidding around recently.

"Tell me," asked one, "what does O'Hara have that I haven't got?"

"Talent," answered a teammate.

"O.K., talent. What else?"

"Dedication," said another.

"Yeah, dedication. What else?"

"Guts," said a third.

"Yeah, yeah, I guess so."

O'Hara's teammates have great respect for his willingness to punish himself. O'Hara runs twice a day, as much as 110 miles a week. He runs outdoors in spring and fall, indoors at the huge Chicago Avenue Armory in winter. The armory is a drafty, ugly old concrete building. It has a dirt polo field and auditorium on the ground floor and four stories above, in which are a couple of decaying locker rooms and a small, cold gym. Recently the head janitor

said to O'Hara, "Now that you're a big man you'll probably run in the big auditoriums and forget all about this place."

"I doubt it," said O'Hara. "It would be hard to forget this place."

O'Hara and the Loyola track team work out on the polo field every afternoon, but in the morning, when O'Hara runs alone, the field is cluttered with ponies being exercised. This forces O'Hara to run what must be the strangest course in track history. John Landy had his pine forest, Herb Elliott his sand dunes; Tom O'Hara has the concrete corridors, alleyways and subterranean passages of the Chicago Avenue Armory. Every morning, starting at 8, he will jog down a flight of stairs to the auditorium, run along an aisle, circle around to the other side and try that aisle. For diversion—"It gets a little boring," he says—he will push open a door, dart up two flights of stairs and jog along the third floor, then the fourth. The hallways are long, straight and usually empty, save for a few workmen, most of whom know him only as "the boy who runs in the halls." They point to their heads when they say it.

When O'Hara has jogged through the armory for half an hour, he subjects himself to a series of wind sprints in the alleyways of the cellar. It is exhausting, lonely work, and he does not pretend to enjoy it. "I could skip a day and it probably wouldn't bother me," he says. "But you become obsessed with the idea of running after a while. I even feel guilty when I stay up too late, because I know I won't run well the next day."

Tom O'Hara was born in Chicago, not far from the armory, in the summer of 1942. He favors his mother, Nora, a slight, redheaded woman who came to this country from Ireland at 17, but he gets his endurance from his father, Tom Sr., a large, dark-haired man who has worked for the city of Chicago for 30 years. The O'Haras had six children, but one daughter died of pneumonia, and a son, one year younger than Tom, was struck and killed by a truck. Tom describes his youth as "wild," including experiments in smoking, brushes with the law and hanging out with gangs, but it is hard to imagine this mild, innocent-looking boy getting himself into trouble.

O'Hara's first running experience was in public park meets. "A man would call up and ask me if I wanted to race in the 100-yard dash," Tom recalls.

"He'd give me a pair of shoes before the race and take them back at the finish."

Late in his sophomore year at St. Ignace High School, without any training, O'Hara entered a three-quarter-mile race in an informal school meet. The St. Ignace track coach, Dr. Ralph Mailliard, had never seen O'Hara before. "I didn't know who he was, but he was running much too fast," Mailliard recalls. "After a while I yelled at him to stop running. I was scared he'd collapse." O'Hara staggered in third. Mailliard took him aside and told him he could be a great runner if he worked.

#### The racer's progress

O'Hara went to work. As a high school senior he ran the mile in 4:20. In his freshman year at Loyola he cut the time to 4:08. "I could have let Tom run in some of the big meets right then," Jerry Weiland says, "but I thought he was too young and not strong enough."

Last year Weiland decided O'Hara was ready to run in the major indoor meets. "I know he looks frail even now," says Weiland, "but his legs are like steel." However, Weiland found that gaining entrance to the indoor track circle wasn't easy. He wrote letters to the officials of all the major indoor meets requesting permission to enter O'Hara, but only one man, Ray Lump of the New York Athletic Club, answered him. It was in the NYAC mile that O'Hara raced Beatty for the first time and surprised everyone by finishing a close second in 4:02.3. O'Hara has had no trouble getting into meets since.

This year Weiland didn't have to write letters to anyone. O'Hara's splendid showing during the 1962 indoor season plus his victory in the NCAA cross-country last November—a four-mile race—had made him a name. Now Weiland held the trump card, and when the various meet officials contacted him he

wasn't willing to settle for O'Hara alone. Weiland insisted that the Loyola mile relay team be included at the meets—expenses paid, of course. The Boston K of C said that it wanted O'Hara, but not enough to pay for the relay team. Weiland told them no O'Hara. The Millrose Games said they would pay part of the relay team's expenses but not all. Weiland was about to say no again when a second message arrived from the Millrose officials. **DISREGARD FIRST LETTER, IT READ. PLEASE FEEL FREE TO BRING YOUR RELAY TEAM.**

O'Hara himself is taking all of his success calmly and without concert. At a recent track meet he felt a heavy hand fall upon his shoulder. "Good luck tonight, Tom," said a voice. "It was Gary Gubner, the shotputter," says O'Hara. "He knew me."

It won't be long before the sports world knows Tom O'Hara as well as it knows Jim Beatty today.

**END**

*A lone figure in the eddies, Tom O'Hara jogs through darkened auditorium of the old Chicago Avenue Armory during early-morning workout.*



By David ...

## ***A Border***



*Known as the world's best pigeon thrower,*



# Pigeon Shoot

Compared to banging away at live pigeons, skeet and trap are tame. Especially, addicts of the sport agree, when the 'colombaire' is a maestro named Pepe



Pepe plucks selected tail feathers from the bird (left), then with a stiff-armed backhand throw sends it spinning off into erratic flight.



**I**n an atmosphere compounded of equal parts of delight (shotgunners) and horror (humane societies), a sports craze has rolled up from Mexico into Texas, live pigeon shooting. Expert skeet and trap gunners call it the most fascinating, difficult test of wing shooting skill. Animal protection societies call it plain brutality. As a result, live pigeon shoots are by invitation only.

Invited to a recent shoot across the border at the Club de Tiro al Pichón de Nuevo Laredo were 150 guns, most of them wealthy—or at least leisured—Texans, who plunked down close to \$10,000 for the privilege of firing at 3,000-odd pigeons. Approximately a third of the birds—either the fastest or most fortunate—escaped, and the rest wound up in the clutches of a horde of scrambling, barefoot Mexican

*continued*

Before it is a legal target, pigeon must clear a 10-foot-high wire.

## Pigeon Shoot continued

muchacho, eventually to be cooked and consumed with gusto by their impoverished families. So live pigeon shooting cannot be all bad. "At least," says one Texas shooter, "we give the pigeons a sporting chance."

That the pigeons do have a chance is less a knock against the marksmanship of the shooters than a tribute to the artistry of an acrobatic 50-year-old Spaniard named Jose (Pepe) Manauta. Pepe is the world's most famous *colombaire*. *Colombaire* is a Spanish term which in this case translates to "pigeon thrower." Since the *colombaire* leads a precarious life at best, and since Pepe has managed to survive for such a long time, his talents come high, up to \$1,000 for a three-day shoot.

Dressed in white shirt and pants, rope sandals and a red cap, this Warren Spahn of pigeon throwers struts back and forth in the shooter's stand, dark eyes darting from the bird fluttering in his hands to the shooter ready and waiting five paces to the rear with loaded shotgun, safety off. Pulling out certain tail feathers to impart an erratic trajectory to the bird's line of flight, Pepe holds the pigeon's wings together across its back with one hand, cradling its rump and legs in the other.

"*Levó!*" Pepe asks. "*Pájaro,*" mutters the shooter. Spinning around in a three-quarter circle, Pepe hurls the pigeon—sometimes under his leg, more often over his shoulder or around his body—into the air with a straight-arm, back-hand motion. Like a missile, its wings temporarily useless, the bird soars up into the sky at great speed, barely clearing the 16-foot-high wire surrounding the shooter's stand. When the bird finds its wings some 25 to 35 yards from the shooter, the slightest breeze seems to catch the pigeon and send it spinning crazily away. As a boxer, Pepe would probably have been a master: after two or three pigeons, he can pick out any shooter's major weakness—and then the fun begins.

The rules in pigeon shooting are as simple as the shooting itself is difficult. In most shoots the limit is 15 birds per gun, two shots at each bird and, usually, automatic elimination after four misses. A hit bird that drops and bounces hard inside the fence surrounding the 200-meter-in-diameter shooting ring is a dead bird, or *hueso*, unless it can be persuaded into flying again by a bird boy. If, however, a bird leaves a drop of blood inside the ring, it is scored as a dead pigeon. Any bird that makes it over the fence, even one filled with shot that glides over the fence to drop like a brick outside, is a miss, or *cerro*, and is so signaled by a *hankéio* waving a white flag. If a bird is *hueso*, the boy waves a red flag.

Whether live pigeon shooting will spread much beyond its present habitat (it took more than 100 years to reach Texas from Spain) is a question that the laws of the State of Texas will probably decide in the end. "There is no Texas law against this type of pigeon shooting," says one gunner, "but there is definitely a law against gambling, and gambling is a big part of any shoot."

If Texas objects, the gunners can continue to cross the border and shoot in Nuevo Laredo or a number of other Mexican towns. Everyone gambles in Mexico, the tequila is cheaper down there—and someone is always hungry for no-longer-live pigeons.

—DUNCAN BARNES



Sandero's red flag is waved to signal pigeon that dropped inside ring.



Rancher Carlos Adame Jr. fires; his pants are pulled up far back.





*Top woman shooter Mary McCann is congratulated by her husband Kerry.*



*Former national skeet champion Grant Bang won men's shoot.*

*Tiny Mexican muchacho. His tote full of dead pigeons. Trudges home to feed his family. Dead birds are also donated to orphanages and prisons.*



# PLAYER IN PARADISE

A very contented Gary Player,

now shooting the best golf of his entire career, devotes a relaxed Nassau morning to discussing himself

by ALFRED WRIGHT

**T**he pro golf tour is dominated by its Big Three, but frequently the group is thought of as a Big Two and a Half. There is mighty Arnold Palmer and there is huge Jack Nicklaus, a pair that corners a great deal of the publicity, adulation and praise. Then there is little Gary Player. He is only 5 feet 7 and he is sometimes overlooked—but he just may be the best golfer of the trio.

At 27, an age when many touring pros are regarded only in the light of their potential, Player has evolved into an elder statesman of his profession and, like many such figures, his mood has mellowed as his talents have increased. He has made changes in his attitude and technique that are enabling him to play the finest golf of his life. They have also made him a man to listen to and a man to watch.

A few days ago Gary Player stretched himself out on a beach chair under a glorious Bahama sun and talked, in the rambling, disconnected fashion of one whose brain is being blissfully biked, about an interesting and worthy subject—Gary Player. He had taken a short vacation from the tournament circuit and was devoting himself to the somewhat less than arduous duties of his new job as the celebrity pro at Paradise Island, a lavish resort now being completed by Huntington Hartford, the A & P grocery store trillionaire. It was a fairly typical Sunday in Paradise, Gary and his attractive wife Vivienne and their 4-year-

old daughter, Jennifer, and their 2-year-old son, Mark (baby Wayne, one, stayed home), had packed their bathing clothes into a straw basket shortly after finishing breakfast and set out from their rented pink stucco house in the Fort Montagu section of Nassau. It takes but a 15-minute ride across the Nassau harbor in Mr. Hartford's elegant ferry and another couple of minutes in one of the Paradise Island jitneys to reach the beach. There, anchored in the soft sand, with his family sunning and swimming near at hand, Gary began to assess why the pro tour seemed to be faced in the past seven months with a new, and quite intriguing, Gary Player.

"When I started out in professional golf," Player said, "my principal ambition was to win the four major championships—the British and U.S. Opens, the Masters and the PGA—and to be the leading money winner on the American tour. I won the British Open in 1959. In 1961 I led the money winners and won the Masters. So in 1962 I wanted most of all to win one of the other major titles. Honestly, I'd rather win one of the major championships than 30 of the other ones. I was very fortunate to win the PGA last year—and very grateful—for if you win one of those big ones you've got to be both fortunate and grateful."

"This year the one thing in my mind every day of my life is winning the U.S. Open."

At this point Player arose from his

beach chair, took a golf stance in the sand, cupped his hands together and executed three imaginary swings at an invisible golf ball. "Every time I hit the ball," he said, "I think 'U.S. Open, U.S. Open, U.S. Open.'"

"After I won the Masters in 1961," Player continued, "my life changed, and it took a big adjustment for me to get used to it. Now, suddenly, I had to do many things differently. Between tournaments I might have to fly to Boston to give a talk or fly to California for a television match or play an exhibition with Arnold. In the past I would have arrived at a town in plenty of time to play several practice rounds before a tournament. Now I would get there just the day before. That gave me only one day to get my yardages figured out, instead of double-checking them on each hole. I would find myself playing a shot and taking my measurements off a tree I had marked in my mind, and then I would start to wonder, 'Was that really the same tree?'"

"There were other things, too. Now I had to get to the practice tee an hour before I was due to play because there were so many interruptions, like signing autographs and talking to people who want to talk to you. I'm not complaining, mind you. All of us want to be successful, and we would rather put up with the nuisances of success than not be successful at all."

"However, it takes time to learn how

*continued*

IN THE COMPANY OF BOB ROBBING AT THE RECENT NEW ORLEANS OPEN, PLAYER LETS HIS HAPPY SPIRIT OVERFLOW IN PUBLIC



to live with such distractions. At first, I became very irritable at home. I got to be quite jumpy.

"One thing that has helped me more than anything else," Player explained with his usual candor, "was meeting Billy Graham. I first met him in Asheville, N.C., a couple of years ago when Arnold and I were playing an exhibition there, and he invited us up to his lovely home. We got along very well, and I developed a great admiration for him. Later he sent me a copy of the New Testament, and for some while now I've made it a habit to read six pages of it every day. It's helped me understand that whatever I'm doing is not necessarily the most important thing in the world.

"Once I began to achieve a certain amount of success on the tournament circuit, I felt in my heart that I had the shots to be a champion golfer. But what I didn't have [60"] was the right temperament. That's why my relationship with Billy Graham has helped me so much. I have come to believe that it's ordained what's going to happen. You must convince yourself that you are going to try just a little harder than your best, but then if you don't win, you must accept the fact that that's the way it was intended to be."

Ever since he won the PGA championship at Philadelphia last July, Gary Player has seemed like a different man. Until then, 15 months had gone by since his victory at the Masters, and Player's name had not once appeared on the winners' list. There was a strong feeling among those who follow professional golf's fortunes and misfortunes that Gary's career had gone into eclipse. On more than one occasion his game came apart on the final day of a tournament when he seemed to be on the verge of winning.

Looking back on this period, however, Player strongly rejects the theory that he was in a slump. "Think about it," said Gary. "I had the best Vardon average [lowest number of strokes per competitive round] in 1961, although most people don't realize it because, as a foreigner, I couldn't receive the trophy, so the PGA doesn't list me in the weekly standings. Last year I was amongst the leaders in the Vardon averages, too. I won more than \$45,000 playing in only 19 tournaments, and I won the PGA. So

I really don't see how people can think I was in a slump.

"It's true that on several occasions I did blow the lead on the final day of a tournament. But if you look through the record books you will find that 90% of the time the man who is leading a tournament on the last round doesn't win it. Even so, when I won the Masters I was leading, when I won the PGA I was leading and when I won the Australian Open I was leading.

"It is an extremely difficult thing to hold the lead on the last day of a tournament. There are so many people behind you who might easily catch you. I think the only time I would really feel safe is if I had a 15-stroke lead. You've no idea how quickly you can make up strokes on even the best golfer. Why, last year, on the final day at the Masters, Palmer was six strokes up on me at the third hole and after the 10th hole he was behind me. I had made up eight strokes on him in seven holes. You must always make sure you attack a course when you're ahead of the field. You just can't play safe against the kind of competition we face every week."

These observations inevitably led Player's thoughts to the topic of temperament.

"You know," he said, "one of my problems is being conscientious. For instance, I don't think I've ever been late for an appointment in my life. If I have something to do—and I'm not talking about my golf now—it weighs on my mind until I have done it.

"I think that of all the golfers I have known, the one who had the greatest temperament for golf was Bobby Locke. He never let anything bother him, so he could devote himself completely to his game. I remember once before the British Open, Bobby got into an unpleasant dispute with a fellow, but he seemed to shrug it right off. When I said something to him about it the next day, he said, 'Oh that. Well, the Open is only 10 days away, and I can't worry about that sort of thing.' You see, for more than a week before the tournament he didn't allow himself to think about anything else. Now take Tommy Bolt, for example. I think Tommy could be one of the greatest golfers who ever lived if he had Bobby Locke's temperament. Or take Jack Nicklaus. He's more like Locke. Before a big tournament he never allows himself to be bothered by anything that isn't con-

nected with his golf. Arnold, on the other hand, is more like me. You wouldn't know it unless you know him very well, but Arnold is a worrier. He's very conscientious about all the obligations he has on the outside."

During the past year or so there has been much discussion about Player's use of a four-wood off the tee when most of his fellow pros were using drivers. Because he weighs only 150 pounds, people feel that Player ought to drive with the club that will give him the most distance, particularly in competition with men of far better dimensions.

"I'll tell you why I use the four-wood so much," Gary said. "About a year and a half ago I was playing somewhere. I can't remember exactly where, and I was hitting my second shot to the green on a par 5. I was using a four-wood, and I hit it to the right and hooked it. I never believed I could get so much distance out of that club. So I began to think about it and experiment with it. I used it off the tee some at Akron in 1961, the year I tied Jay Hebert, and later I used it off the tee when I won the Australian Open. I used it again that year at the Transval Open, which was played on a real U.S. Open kind of course—long with narrow fairways—and I won that tournament by eight strokes.

"Here's the way I look at it," Player went on, using the canvas on his beach chair to indicate what would be the fairway on a golf course. "If I hit a driver," he said, "I aim down the middle of the fairway, which gives me a margin for error of only half the width of the fairway in either direction. If I take a four-wood, however, and aim it down the right side of the fairway with a slight hook or draw on it, then I've got the entire width of the fairway as a margin for error.

"I also figure that I can hit a four-wood with a draw or hook about the same distance that I can hit a two-wood straight, so I've only sacrificed one club length. If someone else is hitting a six-iron to the green, I'm hitting a five-iron, and I have the advantage of knowing that when I drive I can place my ball just about where I want it to be.

"In golf, you should always try to play the shot you know best—your 'bread and butter shot,' as Chick Harbert once called it. That's the shot that you

continued

# Light Scotch?

What are you talking about?



## Color?

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## Strength?

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can always hit with confidence and know you can repeat. You've got to do what you know suits you best.

"Of course, if I'm playing the 15th at Augusta or the 8th at Augusta, there's no way in the world I can use a four-wood off the tee and hope to get on in two. In fact, at Augusta, there's only one hole where I'll use a four-wood off the tee, and that's the 7th. Augusta is long and wide-open. It is a course that you've got to attack all the time. The Open courses put more of a premium on accuracy than on length, so I'll certainly use the four-wood much more frequently in the Open.

"You have to remember that I expect to be outdriven by Arnold and Jack, so it doesn't bother me. Arnold weighs 25 pounds more than I do and Jack 50 pounds more. Yet I'm confident that by the time I'm 30 I'll be hitting the ball almost as far as they do—not quite as far, but almost. This is because I have started doing my exercises again. Every day I can feel myself getting a little stronger. It's amazing what a man can do with his body in three years by exercising. Until about a year ago I was doing a lot of push-ups and other exercises that built up my chest, but those aren't the best muscles for golf, I decided. So I stopped my exercises for awhile. Now I'm doing things that build up my arms and shoulders and legs. Like this."

Whereupon, Player got off his beach chair and did a deep knee bend on one leg. "Try that," he said, "and see how difficult it is. You do a few of those, and you can really feel it. Three years ago I wouldn't have dreamt of using my four-wood off the tee, but I can do it now because I'm stronger where it matters. It's not that I haven't confidence in my driver, even now, I use my driver a lot more than my four-wood. I love my driver. But there are many times when it makes more sense to use the four-wood and be sure you know exactly where you are going."

It was time for lunch, and the Player family changed clothes in a nearby cabana. Gary emerged in the uniform that has become his trademark across all the golf courses of the world—black slacks and black turtleneck sweater precisely tailored to his trim figure. Up came Pancho Gonzales, who is the resident tennis pro at Paradise Island. Gary addressed him as "Richard," not Pancho. It reminded one of how considerate and

well-mannered Player has always been, qualities that have endeared him to his fellow pros when it might be easy for them to resent him as a South African who has made an annual practice of raiding the treasury of U.S. professional golf.

Gonzales on this day was anxious to get Player's opinion on an idea he had for shortening the shafts on his wood clubs. "I can hit my irons straight consistently," Gonzales told Player, "but I spray my woods all over the place. Supposing I shortened the shafts so that I could swing my woods the same way I do my irons. Wouldn't that be a good idea?"

Player advised against this expedient, and in doing so he underlined another aspect of his personality—his enormous interest in the capabilities of the human body. In fact, Gary looks after his own body the way a sky-diver takes care of his parachute. "Richard," he said, "you're very tall and very strong. If you shorten the shafts on your clubs, you won't be able to hit the ball with as full an arc. You should take advantage of the gifts that God has given you."

**D**uring lunch Player observed with approval the brown sugar that is served at Paradise Island. "It's much better for you than white sugar," he said, "because it's unprocessed. You should never eat processed food if you can avoid it. If you eat food made from wheat, it should be made with brown wheat rather than processed wheat, which is white. The same with sugar. People are always doing things with food that ruin its natural qualities. They'll take a good fresh vegetable and boil all the vitamins and food values out of it."

Player gives a great deal of thought to his diet and is extremely careful about what he eats. "I always use honey instead of sugar when I can," he said. "And I always eat one banana and one avocado every day, because they're full of all the best natural oils. One of the best things you can do is to take some raisins and other dried fruit and nuts and grind them all up in a mixer. A bowl of that is delicious and very nourishing."

That afternoon Player repaired to the Arawak Golf Club, Hartford's Paradise Island course. Only nine of the club's 18 holes are ready for play, but every afternoon while Player is in residence at Nassau he shoots a practice round with

guests of the hotel who care to sign up for the privilege.

Having hit a couple of fine drives off the first tee, Player strode jauntily down the fairway swinging his arms in the military style that characterizes his golfing gait.

"You know," he said to one of the others in the foursome, "getting this affliction down here was one of the greatest breaks of my entire life. How can you beat this life? I can spend the morning on the beach with my family and devote the afternoon to golf, and by evening I feel tired and just wonderful. I can't help remembering that before I won the Masters I relaxed on the beach for a week at Delray. It's wonderful what sun and salt water can do for you."

"They're even thinking of building a house down here for me, which would be a perfect situation. I always enjoyed having the children on the tour with me, because I'm more relaxed when I'm with my children. Playing with them gets my mind off golf for awhile, because one thing they can't talk about is golf. But there is no discipline for them on the tour, what with the moving from city to city and the eating at odd hours. Down here the whole family is happy. When they're happy, I'm happy."

As he played along, Gary gave an occasional pointer to the men playing with him, and he turned out to be a good teacher. One of the men had a habit of saying "no" every time he hit the ball, as if he expected it to do something disastrous. Finally, Gary said to him, "You mustn't say no all the time like that. When you hit a golf ball you must always feel that the shot is going to succeed."

All the while Player marched along with the air of a man at perfect peace with his surroundings. His robust spirits seemed to add many inches to his stature. For more than a year now the public has affectionately cast him in the role of David against the Goliaths of Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus. Yet Gary now looked far larger than his actual dimensions.

"If you were a millionaire and could do anything in the world you wanted," Player asked the man walking beside him, "what would you do?"

"I suppose I'd do pretty much what I do now," the man said.

"So would I," said Player. "I just love to play golf."

END

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# GAMES THAT ARE A BALL FOR ALL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

For unrelenting excitement, there is little in sport to equal a major college basketball game, with its noisy, partisan crowds which so closely encircle the action on the floor that they themselves become an integral part of the game. There is nothing in college basketball itself to compare with an NCAA championship playoff. The winners of all major athletic conferences in the country, plus the best independents, make up a 25-team field that is reduced by regional competition until just four are left. It is these four who will come to Louisville's Freedom Hall next week to resolve which is the best of the best (see cover).

There are no games a basketball follower would rather see. Freedom Hall's 18,000 seats were on sale only one day before applications were cut off with guillotine finality. Ticket requests totaled more than 35,000, and by game time \$5 seats will sell for \$50. Those who do get in have bought the right to share the hope and anguish of the teams they follow at a time when a national title hangs on the shot made and the shot missed. As a player like Cincinnati's Tony Yates (right) turns to head downcourt the drone of keyed-up spectators will rise to a full-throated roar, and scenes like those on the following pages, which occurred in the NCAA championship a year ago in Louisville, will be dramatically reenacted.



Cheerleaders and bands are supposed to whip up the basketball frenzy, but nobody's enthusiasm gets any higher than that of the whippers-up themselves. At right: an Ohio State booster soars off the floor with a leap worthy of a rebounding center, while UCLA's musicians are so busy with their whooping that they forget their tooting.









Like the standards  
of a Roman legion  
raised high  
in a victorious salute,  
the pompons of Cincinnati  
wave a tribute to the defending  
champions as they  
march along the route  
to victory  
and a second  
national championship.

When the final buzzer sounds, the winners boost up one player to cut the net from the basket. Though it droops in unregal fashion, as it did last year over Cincinnati's Larry Shingleton, how sweet a thing it is to wear a crown.







## Is the small car going out of the picture?

They're growing the new cars much bigger this season.

And to think that only a year or two ago, it was just the other way around.

For a while there, you could buy a car that you could actually park on the first try. And that didn't need power windows or power that to get around the block.

We're going to miss them. And we miss a lot of other people will, too.

Because we think there are people who still want to put a sensible amount of money into a sensible amount of car.

So prepare yourself: the 1983 Volkswagen is still exactly the same size.

And it looks exactly the same.

Volkswagen dealers still have parts to fit any VW ever made.

And the people who bought 1982 Volkswagens don't feel as though they're driving last year's model.

Maybe most small cars are going out of the picture. But there's one small exception.

*Smooth as water on glass, the mink flowed across the path of the three unseen amateur naturalists in the opening scene of an unforgettable experience*

BY BILL GIBBERT

## MINKS, SHREWS AND



Lee would not tell this story, except perhaps to say, "It was a good trip." He is not an abstracter, a summarizer. His restraint in this respect seems remarkable to John and me. John would tell the entire story this way: "On a winter trip to Cranessville swamp in search of the northern water shrew (*Sorex palustris*), Bill, Lee and the writer had the happy experience of observing several minks at play in the snow." John reasons that anyone who does not already know why three middle-aged men want to trap shrews and study the gait of minks will not profit from this story, no matter how much explanation is made.

There remains my way. I am forever seeking the general significance of such things as shrews and minks and frozen swamps. Shrews as an order are perhaps the commonest mammals in North America, but paradoxically they are also among the least known. Shrews are very small, the smallest of our mammals. They move quickly and secretively under

leaves, rocks and logs. In a gross way, from a distance, shrews look like young mice. A great many people have never looked carefully enough to see a shrew. Others who have seen shrews do not know what they have seen. Often when John, Lee and I ask permission to set out our traps on private land we are told, "Go ahead. But shrews—there's nothing like that around here." We take satisfaction in returning and showing our catch to this kind. In the same way, one point of this story is to note a very fine specimen of euphoria, not because it is uncommon but because it is so much commoner than generally believed.

John (a senior research scientist at a well-known university), Lee (an engineer in charge of the technical services of a trade association) and I (euphemistically, a communicator) have been amateur mammalogists for a long time. We have studied shrews for years. Currently we want to live-trap a northern water shrew in the Cranessville continued

## MEN IN A WINTER SWAMP





*Abundant but little known, shrews are the smallest of mammals. This is a water shrew, roughly life-size.*

swamp, which straddles the West Virginia-Maryland state line.

As shrews go, the northern water shrew is large, about six inches long, including the tail. It is handsomely marked, black above with silvery underparts. Water shrews are found along streams, shallow lakes and marshes, where they hunt minnows, amphibians, insects and other small aquatic creatures. These shrews are good swimmers, a fringe of stiff hairs growing between the hind toes giving them in effect a webbed foot. In conformation and habits they suggest a diminutive otter. Though relatively abundant in the northern and western parts of the U.S., water shrews are rare and have been found in only a few scattered locations south of the Adirondacks. The Cranessville swamp is one of the most southerly places in which they have been collected. Two have been taken there, the last almost 20 years ago. We go to Cranessville because it is the only place within weekend driving distance of our homes where we have any reason to think we might trap a water shrew. Also another record—a current one—of this species in the swamp would be significant.

Water shrews aside, the Cranessville swamp is a remarkably interesting place for naturalists. It is a few miles west of the Youghiogheny River, a high swamp some 2,000 feet in elevation, lying on a plateau in the Allegheny Front. The

swamp is a frost bowl, i.e., a shallow depression into which cold air flows down the sides and toward the center. Evidence of this action can be seen in the early fall when low vegetation in the middle of the swamp is browned by frost while the plants around the rim of the bowl are still green.

This high, cold swamp forms an isolated biological niche that supports some animals and plants that are distinctly northern and are curiosities in the southern highlands. Besides the water shrew, snowshoe hares, woodland jumping mice, certain fish and amphibians are found here, south of their normal range. Tamarack and black spruce, both northern trees, grow in the swamp as do sundew and northern gentians. There are patches of sphagnum moss interlaced with cranberry bushes.

Despite the northern oddities, the dominant swamp growth is typical of the region. White pine, hemlocks and red spruce grow around the swamp and on islands within it. Rhododendron and alder are the principal low cover. The underbrush is laced through with tough green briars. There are many small, cold, black streams rising, sinking, flowing erratically through the swamp. There are occasional cattail swales and patches of open water but, in the main, Cranessville is a dense, maddy thicket. (The wildest, most interesting part of the swamp, a

200-acre tract, has been purchased and set aside as a sanctuary by Nature Conservancy, an effective private conservation group.)

On our first summer trip it took us nearly an hour to flounder and crawl half a mile from the nearest road to a big beaver pond at the center of the swamp. We trapped along the pond for no better reason than that the Indians called the water shrew "beaver mouse" because it was so often seen about dams and lodges. After the first hard summer trip into the swamp, Lee, our logistical expert, suggested that we try it in the winter on snowshoes. It would be easier packing our traps in over the snow than through the thickets. We might find shrew signs in the snow. Animals often come more readily to trap baits in the winter when natural food is scarce.

When we returned in early March there was a two-foot snow cover on the swamp, but it was not cold for these parts. The snow was melting in the full sun. As Lee had predicted (Lee is the kind who carries a waterproof map case, can always bring out the right topographic sheet and unroll it right side up on the first try), the going was easier than it had been in the summer—easier but not easy. We could walk over many of the thickets through which we had crawled in August. However, tough, gnarled rhododendron stubs are



ing behind their curious, louse-shaped footprints, had been wandering about the marsh erratically, as they will do at this time of year. Twice we found places where they had dug down through the snow and nibbled off emerging skunk cabbage shoots. At least two foxes had been hunting on the high, drier rim of the swamp, pulling apart marsh tussocks in search of voles. A lone coon had for some reason been stared out of his den. We followed his dignified trail for half a mile along the bank of a fast-moving stream. Deer, hares, grey squirrels, flying squirrels and a weasel had been walking in the swamp. In spruce and hemlock groves we found the trails of grouse, lines of fat little Xs, laid down so straight that it seemed as if the grouse must walk by compass.

By far the most numerous signs in the swamp had been made by minks. Somehow the tracks and activities of the hunting animals always seem ineradicable than those of the hunted. The restless trails of the minks crisscrossed the marsh as they incessantly probed every cranny of their range. We saw where they had trotted, run and jumped, where they had tunneled through the snow, stopped, sat on their haunches to test the air. There were holes in the ice all along the streams where minks went in and out of the water. Leading to and from the water holes were long smears of mud where the minks had slid along the snow, like otters. There was a big, much used, mink burrow in the side of the beaver lodge.

We followed the trail of a large male for a time. At first the mink had been loping along at normal cruising speed through a patch of cattails. The trail was regular, the small delicate footprints spaced evenly, the stride about 18 inches. Then he had stopped, sat up. Then he had begun to run, stretching out, bounding two and a half feet to the leap. Within about 20 feet, near an open water hole, the mink trail and that of a louse-footed muskrat intersected. Here the snow was torn up. We found a tuft of brown muskrat fur, but from the muskrat's standpoint they played a melodrama—not a tragedy. The path of chopped up, confused snow led back to the water. The mink on his first charge may have tumbled the muskrat off his feet, but old louse-foot had come fighting, and his big incisors must have been

bared. Using his greater weight, lunging and bluffing, the muskrat had fallen back to the water and, as far as we could tell, escaped.

We stayed in the swamp until dusk, setting our traps, reading tracks. When we came out we drove to Kingwood, W. Va., dried, gorged and dined up at a hotel there which is much favored by birders, botanizers, swamper and shrew hunters. The hotel in Kingwood is a clean, comfortable, country-style place at which such soggy, muddy, thorn-branded specimens as John, Lee and I are welcomed. Also, even on a Sunday morning, stacks of hot cakes and country sausage are ready at dawn. A good box lunch will be packed by the time the last cup of coffee is finished.

We had set a line of traps on the eastern rim of the swamp and picked these up first, all empty. By the time we got onto the frozen stream that led to the beaver pond, the pale cold sunlight was full, as bright as it would ever be that day. Lee was ahead on his long, narrow shoes, which were fastest in the open, slowest in brush. Suddenly he stopped and held up his hand. John and I halted in stride. Fifty feet ahead of us we had an impression rather than a full view of a dark shadow that moved off into the cattails on the right bank.

"Mink," Lee turned and mouthed the word silently.

John and I moved up quietly until we were abreast of Lee.

"In the daylight?"

"Mating season," John, the information man, said, "not enough hours in the night for both hunting and loving."

Then on our left, 30 feet ahead, there was another movement in the reeds. A magnificent male ("Not the largest I have seen, but very large," John said later) came out on the ice. He was more than two feet long and still in his full winter coat. Against the snow he was as glossy as a black snake. The word "flow" is used to describe the gait of many animals, but among the mammals it best fits the weasel tribe and of the weasels is most descriptive of minks. The little weasel is too quick and erratic to flow. The otter is not quite at ease on land. The stout-bodied weasels—skunks, badgers and, I am told, the wolverine—waddle and rack. The marten and fisher are more arboreal.

A mink has the peculiar humpedbacked

admirably shaped to catch the webbing of snow shoes and trip a snowshoer. Also, because of the thaw and the moving water in the swamp, the ice was rotten in spots. Each of us had the experience of stepping on what appeared to be solid, snow-covered ice and then breaking through into black swamp water and muck.

We proceeded carefully, lifting our shoes and waving them gingerly ahead of us like pedal antennae. Once down the brushy rim of the swamp, we picked up the main outlet from the beaver pond. The straight, narrow channel was mostly frozen and made a good trail. We set the traps in chunks in the dam and lodge, under windfalls and by open water, wherever it seemed to us we would be if we were water shrews. In several places we found very small mammal tracks and once a single, twisted scat. However, small tracks blur quickly in wet snow, and shrew scatology is an esoteric business. We did not know that shrews had made these signs—deer mice and voles were other possibilities—but we did not know that they hadn't, so we trapped these obscure trails.

Though the very small tracks had not held up, the wet snow took and retained footprints of the bigger animals beautifully. The wide, smudged trails of beavers led from holes in the pond ice, across the dam and into the thickets where there were fresh alder cuttings. Muskrats, leav-

continued

# THE NATURAL GENTLEMAN



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## MINKS *continued*

posture typical of the weasels. This, coupled with legs that are very short in relation to body length, gives the mink the look of a caterpillar whose body follows and records the contours of the land rather than bridging them. But the mink is such a caterpillar as never was for grace and agility. Flow is the right word. Like water on glass, like mercury on a counter, the big male mink flowed across the frozen stream in front of us. Then he turned toward the beaver dam. As he moved along he paused frequently to look about, sniff and scratch, but the pauses were made so quickly and smoothly that it seemed he was never entirely still. At about the place where we had the glimpse of the first mink, the big male came to a water hole and skipped about the edge for a few moments. (We thought then that there might be the remains of a kill at this place since all the minks we saw stopped there. But when we came up there was only a maze of tracks. Apparently it was only curiosity as to who had gone before them that brought the minks to this hole.) The big male dived into the water, crossed the stream under the ice, emerged on the left bank again and bounded away toward the beaver pond.

As soon as he left, two more, smaller, minks came out on the ice from the left. They were not really running together but just happened to be going the same way at the same time. We stood motionless for 15 minutes and for most of that time had at least one mink to watch. They followed the same general pattern as the big male, coming out on the ice from the marsh on the left and going upstream to the water hole. From there some would continue on land or underwater to the pond, while others would double back, apparently to repeat the route. Allowing for duplication, we thought we saw seven minks in all. The wind blew directly across the stream, out of the swamp, and with the possible exception of the last one, none of the minks appeared to know that we were there.

The last mink was very small. We thought of it as a female, perhaps a yearling. Her coat and tail were a bit ragged. (At first we were amazed, grateful to see any sort of a mink, but we quickly became connoisseurs, critics of mink conformation and condition.) When she came onto the stream the

a continued

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MINKS *continued*

turned toward us rather than upstream as the others had. It seemed that she might run right between our legs, but 10 feet short of us she stopped and sat up on her haunches, squirrellike. She held her head high and raised her nose, showing the white blaze that all minks carry on their throats. Under the blaze we could plainly see her beating pulse. She peered, straining her poor eyes, and sniffed hard with her good nose. Finally, almost contemptuously she dropped down, turned around and went upstream. She did not go in alarm, but simply it seemed because she had decided on the evidence of her nose that there was no profit for her in coming toward us.

Perhaps she gave some warning. More likely it was time for the minks to den up for the day. In any event she was the last, though we waited for a while longer. We had had enough anyway. There can be too much of anything and certainly too much of such an extraordinary thing as observing, unobserved, wild minks in the snow.

We went on, picked up our traps (we had one pretty little cloudland deer mouse), explored a new section of the swamp, ate our Kingwood hotel lunch and then began the 150-mile drive home. All during the afternoon and evening we could not get the minks out of our minds or conversation. What we had in mind was the clear vision of how they had been in the snow, bent to sustain conversation we talked about peripheral things:

If what we had seen was a fair sample, how many minks were ranging the whole swamp.

(Smugly, with superiority.) Those who do not go into a winter marsh are poor, indifferent men.

How long we would wait if we wanted, say for the sake of photographs, to see the same sort of thing again.

(Unanimously.) The unimportance, the undesirability for our purposes of having to fiddle with a camera at such a time.

Lee, who rarely summarizes or abstracts, had not the last but the best word.

"As long as any of us remembers anything, we will remember what we saw this morning. That is unusual, to know as it happens that a thing will be memorable."

END



**"Great! Two drags! Now make this spin-casting reel for an eight-pound line," said Ted Williams to **Sears****



Ted Williams, head of the Sports Advisory Staff, was recently testing an experimental spin-casting reel for Sears, Roebuck and Co.

"The cross-winding action makes it impossible to tangle," Ted told Sears. "The two drags are great. If you can make this reel for an even lighter line, you'll sell a million." Read what Sears did.

**I** like a spin-casting reel that's easy to use," said Ted Williams.

"This reel is the most foolproof I've ever tried. The cross-winding spool keeps your line from twisting.

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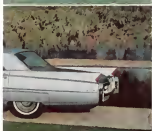
You'll find this Ted Williams spin-casting reel only at Sears. It costs **\$18.50**. Sears matching fiber glass rod is only **\$22.50**. Both come with padded carrying case.



U. S. in right: top to bottom: Coupe de Ville, Convertible, Sixty Two Sedan (four windows), Freshwood Sixty Special Sedan, Sedan de Ville (four windows), Sixty Two Coupe.

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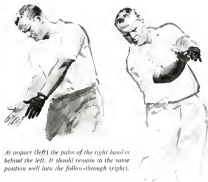
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To eliminate any chance of a hook, the right hand should move straight out toward the target (arrow) at and after impact, not roll over (dotted line).



At impact (left) the palm of the right hand is behind the left. It should remain in the same position well into the follow-through (right).

## *A slight fade off the tee keeps the ball in play*

Every time you play golf you are going to encounter narrow holes, where accuracy off the tee is far more important than distance. Since a dead-straight shot is one of the hardest to hit and a hook can often get completely out of control, accuracy is best achieved with a controlled fade. Such a shot can be hit by doing what is called blocking out. The phrase refers to the right side and the right hand, which are blocked from dominating the shot, making a hook impossible.

The swing for the controlled fade should be made primarily with the arms. The backswing must be all arms, compact and smooth, with very little wrist action. The downswing must not be forced. At impact it is necessary that the left side remain rigid and that the right hand move straight out toward the target, neither getting ahead of the left hand nor rolling over it. The follow-through should be high and upright.

If the trouble on the hole is to the left, the shot should be aimed right at it. The ball should fade some 20 yards from left to right, thus moving away from the trouble zone. If the hazards are on the right, the shot has another advantage: it doesn't roll far. If it lands on the fairway it is likely to stay there.

Drawings by Francis Golden

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

## The game has been fixed

When the students of more than 200 colleges competed recently in the National Intercollegiate Bridge Tournament, they met a new set of conditions designed to minimize luck. The tournament is an annual event based on a series of 18 hands with built-in problems, and it enables students to compete without leaving the campus. It is decided not by the number of points they amass against their opponents, but by the number of points they are awarded—both for bidding and play—against a designated par score. The new conditions have made it virtually certain that a pair can win par points only as a result of its own efforts, not when its opponents err.

In the hand below it should not have been difficult for North-South to avoid getting too high on their combined hands. North has a normal 17-point one-no-trump opening. South, with only five points in high cards, knows immediately that his side is well short of the 26 points required for a game bid. He may, therefore, elect to pass one no trump, or sign off with two spades.

Either way, North-South earn five par points. Or they can get two par points if they bid as high as two no trump or three diamonds. But no matter how they bid, the instructions that come with each hand—they are opened after the bidding, of course—require that South play a contract of two spades and that West lead the club ace followed by the club 9.

Now it is up to the defenders to earn their points. In the 18 deals,

each player gets about the same number of chances to play the hero's role, but in this case, the fate of his side depends upon East's next play. Regardless of possible false-cards by declarer, the only missing club is higher than partner's second lead of the 9, so East is certain that his partner can trump the next club lead. But if East gives partner the ruff immediately the opponents make their contract and East-West miss their par points.

Suppose that East-West collect three club tricks and the ace of trumps and ace of diamonds. That will not be sufficient to set the contract. East must find another trick somewhere. Surely it cannot be in hearts or trumps, so it must be in the diamond suit. Before leading the third club, therefore, East must lead the ace and another diamond. He now steps in with the ace on declarer's first trump play and leads the third round of clubs for partner to ruff. West leads back a third diamond, and East ruffs for the setting trick. For playing the two rounds of diamonds before the third club, East

gains four par points for his side. For stepping in on the first spade and leading a club he gets two more. And for giving his partner the diamond ruff, West adds two final points to his side's score, bringing the total to a maximum of eight par points.

The directed contract and the automatic leads alert the players to the par possibilities on some of the hands, but, all in all, this is the best method yet for scoring this kind of contest. **END**

East-West  
vulnerable  
North dealer

NORTH

♠ K Q 7 2  
♥ A Q  
♦ K Q J 3  
♣ 7 5 3

WEST

♠ 4 3  
♥ K 9 7 4 2  
♦ 9 8 4 3  
♣ A 9

EAST

♠ A 6  
♥ 10 6 5 3  
♦ A 6  
♣ K 8 6 4 2

SOUTH

♠ J 10 9 8 5  
♥ J 8  
♦ 10 7 5  
♣ Q J 10

NORTH

1 N.T.

PASS

EAST

PASS

PASS

SOUTH

2 ♣

PASS

WEST

PASS

PASS

Opening lead: ace of clubs



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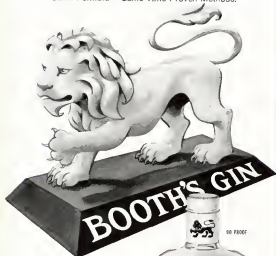
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BOATING / Bert Goldrath

## Up the river on a fire hose

Two jet-propelled outboards climb  
the shallows and rapids of the Rogue  
River like a pair of powered salmon

THE 120-mile upstream run along the Rogue River to Grants Pass from Gold Beach on the Oregon coast is no place for a conventional outboard motor when the river is low. Winding against the current through the canyons of the Siskiyou Mountains, the course is beset with rapids, shallow-water riffles, roaring waterfalls and riverbed boulders that would tear the propeller off a normal outboard. But a few months ago, along with four other men, I cruised upstream on the obstreperous Rogue in front of a pair of jet-driven outboards that pushed easily along over water only three inches deep.

The experience was something like riding a high-pressure fire hose up a waterfall, but it sold me on Dick Stallman's outboard jets. Dick, a young mechanical genius from San Carlos, Calif., has developed a jet attachment, costing around \$300, that can be fastened to most conventional 25-to-40-horsepower outboards in place of the regular gearbox-and-propeller assembly, enabling a fully laden hull to plane over shallow water as easily as a canoe. The unit consists of an intake scoop that sucks water into a snail-shaped housing where it is spun around and finally shot out into the air at the stern at the rate of 1,000 gallons a minute.

This "explosion" of water in the jet outboard drives the boat forward just as the explosion of gases in the jet engine of a Boeing 707 drives that plane through the air.

Steering is accomplished with conventional controls, and two motors are as simple to handle as one. To reverse





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you simply flip the control handle and an arm pivots the jet nozzles 180°. There is nothing new to learn about a jet outboard.

The key feature of the outboard jet is that the forward part of the intake scoop mounts flush with the bottom of the boat and the trailing edge lies only an inch and a half lower.

Our party consisted of John Inkrote and Oldtime Reverend Glen Wooldridge in one boat pushed by a single 35-hp Evinrude and, in a second boat, pushed by two 25-hp Johnsons, Dick Stallman, his father Ralph and myself. By right of 40 years of experience as a Rogue River guide, Wooldridge, the first man ever to power up the river, led the way.

A grueling voyage like ours requires not only the right kind of power and the right guide to lead it; it needs the right boats. Ours were built by Wooldridge himself specifically for negotiating the Rogue. He knew what the river demanded of a craft. The lead boat was 16 feet long and the other 18 feet. Both were about six and a half feet wide on deck and had about five feet of beam at the waterline.

When Wooldridge first powered up the Rogue, piloting a prop-driven craft, the water was comfortably high. (Sometimes the capricious Rogue gets uncomfortably high, as in 1955, when it flooded towns on its banks.) The significant fact about our journey, aside from the self-imposed ordeal of running against the current, is that we elected to traverse the river when the Rogue was at a record low. No prop-driven outboard, or inboard for that matter, could possibly

continued

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### BOATING continued

have made the passage upstream under those conditions.

Our journey was divided into four one-day runs of about 30 miles each. With the current running against us in smooth water at three or four miles an hour, we averaged speeds of 22 miles an hour. But in narrow passages framed by boulders the water rushed against our craft at the rate of 18 miles an hour, we estimated.

#### Liquid Hills

The trip was a steady climb all the way. Hill after hill of water was ascended, some of them six feet high. Adding all the hills together, there was a total climb from start to finish of 1,000 feet of river. It was necessary to encounter the crest of each liquid hill with enough momentum to carry the boat over the crest. Otherwise, with the intake scoop sucking air instead of water, there was an immediate falling off of power.

Woodruff ran into just such an obstacle in the form of a six-foot-high fall pouring around a huge rock — offering the only place to pass in the whole width of the river. His boat breasted the fall, teetered for a second on the crest, then slid back. For the second attempt the boat was emptied of cargo, and Inkron stepped on shore with a safety line secured to the bow of the boat. Giving it full power, Woodruff rammed up to the very edge once more, then slid back, his craft lacking the final bit of push to climb the grade.

While the rest of us toted the smaller boat around the fall, Stallman in his lightened two-engine boat zoomed up and over on the first try.

Farther along we were faced with a sheer 14-foot-high wall of water. Salmon, trying to leap up the fall, eventually discovered a fish ladder and continued upriver — and we were almost as lucky: a narrow channel had been carved by nature around the fall. By rolling the boats over saplings, we were able to maneuver them one at a time up the channel till the water reached ankle depth, after which the jets could drive the boats the rest of the way.

When we landed at Grants Pass on the fourth day, scars on the boats' bottoms showed convincingly how we had tempted the Rogue to do its worst. But the mere fact that we had arrived was sufficient proof that jet drives had defied the river.

END



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Miami Beach has just about everything these days. It has beautiful girls, nice weather. It has dog racing, the Fontainebleau, Floyd Patterson and Sonny Liston. It has lots and lots of nice, slow clay tennis courts and, playing on them, it has a young man who has been called the greatest for so long that, even though he is only 17, a lot of people think of him as a has-been. Around National Junior Singles Champion Mike Belkin the word "greatest" is used with much the same careless abandon and the same lack of point that it is around Comedian Jackie Gleason. "Let's face it," says his mother. "Mike wants to be the greatest tennis player in the world." "I think," says Mike himself, "there's no reason I can't be the greatest." "A player like Mike comes along every 20 years," says Dale Lewis, the tennis coach at the University of Miami. "He can be the greatest."

These are hefty words to use about a 5-foot 11½-inch, 150-pound high school kid who hasn't begun to fill out yet and who, despite an impressive record on clay, has never beaten anybody on a grass tennis court in his whole life. So far the very bulk of words has served only to conceal the sharper truth from those around Mike. "Oh, sure," says Ed Rubinoff, the second-ranked player in Florida. "Mike Belkin will be the best around here for years, but that's all. Just around here. Mike's a victim of his environment."

#### Too much too soon

Mike Belkin came to Miami from Montreal with his parents five years ago. (Since he is not yet a U.S. citizen, Canada's Davis Cup men are eager to get him back.) His father, Ralph, who used to be a fast athlete and a good enough tennis player to win a second prize (an ash-tray) in a club tournament, was Mike's first coach. By the time Mike was 15 he had a key to the city of Miami ("in token of our great esteem") and a scholarship offer from the University of Miami. By then his mother was halfway through the second of the bulky scrapbooks she keeps on Mike. "There was just too much publicity at too early an age," says an older player. "Remember, in tennis it's all yours. There's nobody to share it by throwing the pass. Nobody opens the hole. The publicity is all yours, and Bel-

kin has a pile of it." At North Side Park, a city-run recreation area conveniently located a block and a half from the Belkin apartment, Mike is king. "Whenever I win," he says, "I just get right up on my high horse and go over to the park to get congratulated."

Mike has a weak serve and a poor overhead, and he plays the net something like McClellan took Richmond. On the other hand, to go with his unflinching optimism and faith in himself, he has a fine tennis sense, great speed and a remarkably accurate passing game, both forehand and backhand. It is the backhand that has attracted the most attention to Belkin. From the very first time he held a racket backhand, he held it in both hands, exactly as a left-handed baseball player grips a bat—and Belkin used to be a left-handed baseball player. This Australian-type stroke gives Mike control and power on the backhand but tends to slow him up.

Belkin's game—unlike his ambition—is a waiting one. He stays near the baseline, takes the good clay bounces, runs and retrieves. Eventually—after up to 20 exchanges—he either puts a placement away or passes any opponent foolish or bored enough to venture near the net. The formula is simple enough and, no matter what the future holds, it certainly has been successful.

At one point in his career, Belkin won 26 straight sanctioned tournaments. He has won the National Boys' (15 and under), the National Jaycee Junior (18 and under) and the Orange Bowl Junior Singles Championship (the top international competition for juniors). At present he is the national junior champion (18 and under) and the Florida men's champion. He won the last title in December by beating both young Frank Froehling, one of the best of the newcomers, and old Gardner Mulloy on the same day.

Such credentials, even when supplied firsthand, often fail to impress other players, however. Defeated opponents tend to be more chagrined than awed. Typical is Australian Junior Geoffrey Pollard, who says politely: "Well, I can't very well pick his game apart because, after all, he has beaten me twice, but if he's to go anywhere he'll just have to change his whole game." On tour other players are forever informing Belkin that



## A big word for a small boy

Many people have called Mike Belkin the greatest, so even he thinks they could be right

they have figured out a way to beat him, as if it were all sleight of hand anyway. "I always hear that stuff," Mike says, "but it doesn't worry me anymore, because it never works."

Still, Belkin really is in the process of changing his whole game. He has been working on the revision for about three months now. "To be great," says Belkin, "you have to have that serve and volley. O.K., I didn't have them—so I decided to get them. I have the ground game. That just comes naturally to me—and everyone says it's the hardest part. So if I can just get the serve and volley, then I've really got it all." He believes that the weak aspects of his game have already improved, but whether or not the development of these strokes will help on grass is strictly problematical. As strong as Belkin's game is, his strokes were built on and for clay courts; they are steady, long and looping. On grass,

*a continued*

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## TENNIS *continued*

where the really great ones congregate with their big games, he might not have the time to get the racket around. Belkin dismisses this possibility with a shrug.

Invariably cocky, with the reputation for being somewhat contemptuous of both opponents and officials, he seems to thrive best on downright adversity. When physically wounded, he rises to new heights. He was behind against Mulloy in the Florida Championship till he hurt his right ankle, and then he came on to win. A few weeks later, playing Pollard in the Orange Cup finals, Mike actually sprained the ankle in the first set. "It was amazing," says Coach Lewis, who was serving as team captain. "The ankle was swollen up twice its size. He didn't pick up a racket for a week afterward." But instead of leaving the court Belkin tried to minimize the injury to fool Pollard, placed his shots to keep Pollard back and won the match in three straight sets to help take the cup for the U.S.

Last summer, in the opening round of the national clay courts, Belkin slipped on the first point and gashed his lip on the racket. He had two stitches and then returned to whip his opponents—No. 1-ranked Whitney Reed—6-4, 3-6, 6-3. Last month in the Dorado Beach junior invitational in Puerto Rico, he began the finals with a temperature that matched the 100° heat. Playing against one of Europe's best juniors—Nick Kalo of Greece—Belkin lost the first set, got even in the second, was down at match point in the third, then won the match and the tournament. Back home in Miami Beach the next day, Belkin was put to bed under heavy blankets with a temperature of 103° and chills.

### Go west, young man

The Puerto Rico tournament is likely to be one of Mike Belkin's last appearances as a junior. As part of his own redevelopment program, he has made up his mind not to play the junior circuit this summer, not even to defend his national title. He wants the grass and the competition. He has had about a dozen college offers, from such places as Penn, Illinois and Trinity (Texas). He also has the word "from just about everyone" that to become great "you have to go to California." But he has a great admiration for Coach Lewis and the knowledge that he has already made a solid name for himself in Miami. He thinks, in the

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long run, that it would serve him best to remain there.

Anyway, the decision will be all his. Belkin is both self-made and self-disciplined. Naturally, he has received help with his game, but he owes no great debt to any single professional. He is conscientious about getting rest, has never smoked and has a beer every few months or so, quite frankly "just to show off." He is really both appalled and disillusioned at other teen-age athletes not quite so Spartan. He is not given to strenuous training, however, and he has trained particularly hard only once—late last fall in preparation for the defense of his Orange Bowl crown. He succeeded, he believes, only in overtraining: he was weak, stale and played poorly throughout the tournament until Australia's Tony Roche mercilessly eliminated him 6-4, 6-1 in the quarter-finals. It was, coincidentally, also about this time that Mike first went steady. He doesn't think that the girl had anything to do with his sudden bad form but, then, he isn't given to taking any chances when it comes to tennis. So, he gave up the strict training regimen and the girl.

#### The greatest

Belkin still practices regularly, of course, but no more than two hours or so a day after school. He is a senior at Miami Beach High, which he has attended for the last three years except for a brief fling at St. Mark's School in Dallas. He went to St. Mark's last year on a scholarship, but was back home in a month. It was too hard and not enough tennis. Belkin hesitates to call himself even an "average" student, and he admits to only a casual interest in his studies. His most difficult courses, English and economics and government, are the first on his schedule. School starts at 7:30, and Mike is ready to drive home in his '57 MG when those classes are over. The rest of the school day—math, Spanish, music and physics—just bores him. "Nine-thirty, I'm ready to go home and get over to the park and play tennis."

There, in North Shore Park, the best junior player in America is trying to redo his whole game before the dreadful sun-drenched Miami Beach environment sentences him forever to the unsatisfactory position of being merely the best clay courts player around. "The way I'm going with my serve and volley now," he says, "I think I should be on top by the time I'm 20. Yeah, on top. That's right, the greatest player in the world." **END**

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## A storm blows in on Sunshine Square

In spite of its Friday phobia, things looked bright for Stanford as it came to Los Angeles to clinch the wildest West Coast race in years. Then came two dark days of double trouble

A favorite play of early Hollywood dramatists was to weasel their way out of their own insoluble plots by abruptly transferring the good guy from Troublesville to Sunshine Square, and never you mind how improbably it was done. Last weekend one of the zaniest West Coast basketball races that anybody cared to remember came down to its chaotic climax in Los Angeles, and the outcome was enough to make any old scriptwriter proud. UCLA, the team that had hardly any hope at all, was handed—almost gratis—a last chance at

the Big Six championship. And Stanford, the team that had come south with rosy prospects, had been summarily bounced off Sunshine Square.

When the conference race began this season, UCLA was the defending champion, but no favorite to repeat. Its coach, Johnny Wooden, admitted the team's ball handling was good—largely because of the best passer in college basketball, Walt Hazzard—and its speed was adequate. But the object of the game involves putting something through a hoop, and UCLA's men weren't much

at this. "My guards can't hit from anywhere past 15 feet," said Wooden. "On the other hand, my forwards can't hit from 10." UCLA promptly went up to Seattle and got upset by Washington—twice. When it went to Stanford it lost to the Indians—twice.

This should have made the race a Pacific breeze for favored Stanford, but that team insisted on falling into unlikely ambushes at the hands of California and USC. Still, as the season went into what should have been its final two days last Friday, Stanford had a comfortable



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margin. It was two games ahead. This meant that for UCLA to even get a tie it had to win its last two games—Stanford and California—while Stanford had to lose to UCLA and USC.

UCLA and Stanford are not necessarily intense rivals. There has been no bad blood spilt between the schools, but there has been some glass. At Stanford last month a sizable bottle was thrown from the stands and crashed into a million pieces on the floor during play. A UCLA editorialist said a Stanford student was responsible and called it disgraceful. The *Stanford Daily* blamed a UCLA student, and called it disgraceful.

Stanford is a gentlemen's team with a gentleman coach, Howie Dallmar. "The trouble with Stanford," said a man on the eve of the UCLA game, "is that too many of its players come from unbroken homes. They are too nice. Stanford is a prestige school that attracts a lot of mama's boys."

"Bull," answered Dallmar, respectfully.

The Indians are nevertheless a gloom-

ly serious team, not given to levity. They also have a phobia—Fridays. They had lost four times this year on Friday night. "If you think about it long enough maybe you could make believe it's Saturday when it's Friday," said Stanford's best player, 6-foot-8 Center Tom Dose.

"Be reasonable," said Dallmar of the Friday fixation. "No one stops to think what day it is once the ball goes up."

The Friday night game was at Santa Monica City College, one of UCLA's "home" courts. Coach Wooden's plan to beat Stanford was to rattle the Indians with a full-court press. "We figure we can get away with a tight press on our home floor," he said, which is especially valid reasoning when home happens to be a gym the size of a beach cabana. The press didn't stop Dose, who hit eight straight shots before missing, but it—and perhaps the awareness that it was Friday night—unraveled the rest of the Stanford team. It lost the ball 24 times on errors. That is a whole seasonal of mistakes, and UCLA won easily, 64-54, cutting Stanford's lead to one game.

The next night Stanford moved cross-

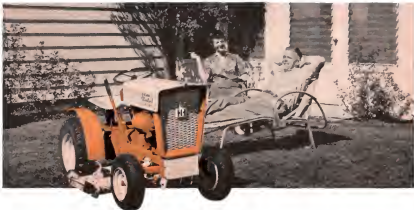
town with great relief to play USC at Los Angeles State College (big schools don't seem to have basketball courts in L.A.), while UCLA stayed in Santa Monica to take on California. "The pressure is on UCLA," announced Dallmar hopefully. Privately he was less positive. "On the outside I am an optimist," he said. "Inside I am a pessimist."

"Today is Saturday," Dose said on the bus to the game. "We are more relaxed. We always come back on Saturday."

It seemed that way. Stanford passing was sharper, its shooting was better. Dose was as good as before and soon the Indians had a 12-point lead on USC. In the gym 20 miles away at Santa Monica, UCLA fans huddled around transistor radios to pick up the Stanford game on Station KNX. There were even two radios on the UCLA bench.

UCLA was having no difficulty with Cal, but at LA State, Stanford was suddenly in big trouble. Dose had acquired his fourth foul with 13 minutes to play and Stanford leading by only seven points. Dallmar took Dose out, and with him went Stanford's composure.

(continued)



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## BASKETBALL continued

Of necessity back in again with 9:39 to play, Dose became fair game for USC attempts to foul him out. USC's Pete Hillman took a Jackie Gleason pratfall at Dose's feet and screamed in dismay when no foul was called. A USC guard plowed into Dose and was himself charged with a foul. Still safe. Finally, with six minutes to play, Dose brought about his own demise with a reckless defensive move. The score then was 52-45, Stanford, But at Santa Monica heads jerked up from little radios. "Dose fouled out," yelled a UCLA rooster.

Then KNX went dead.

"What happened? What happened?" Walt Hazzard shouted as he trotted past the UCLA bench—the Bruins were still having no trouble with Cal.

An interminable KNX musical interlude followed. UCLA fans sat agonizing. Finally there was a crackle, and the announcer broke in with the score, 59-59. USC had overcome a four-point Stanford lead in the last minute, and the game was in overtime.

UCLA by now had beaten Cal 72-53. The Bruins were in the dressing room, and the suspense had become so great that Hazzard asked the manager to take out the only radio. So messengers brought the score. Stanford was behind 61-59, then 63-59, then 64-59.

"We're backing in," said Wooden. "I never thought we'd do it." The final score was 67-61. Stanford had lost again, and the Big Six was tied up tight.

Inside the tiny gym the UCLA band had not moved since the conclusion of the game with Cal. Now it struck up a victory march. USC's men and boys and women, too, came charging into the UCLA dressing room. Hazzard grabbed for his pants. "My goodness gracious takes alive," he said, imitating his coach's most violent profanity.

"Walter," said Coach Wooden, "I'll have none of that bad language here."

In the Stanford dressing room at LA State the quiet was broken only by the occasional hiss of the water fountain. Alone by his locker, a Stanford player said, "We choked. We just don't have any pose. And now we've got to play them again—back there in Santa Monica." For a long time, Coach Dallmar stood off to himself, staring plaintively at a set of scales and wondering what kind of ending had been contrived for this strangest season of all Sunshine Square or Troublesville?

END

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# An Innocent Abroad on the Baseball Diamonds

Equipped with a \$20 camera and a press card from a dry cleaner, an audacious amateur 'covers' spring training and finds that ballplayers are almost human BY ED GRAHAM

I read the other day that Ted Williams had that old itch to go to spring training and renew acquaintances with all his old friends in baseball. Me too.

Last year I went to spring training with the Chicago Cubs in Mesa, Ariz. I just wandered into the dugout one day because the sun was too hot in the stands. Like Ted Williams, I found baseball players to be unusually good companions, and I enjoyed passing the time of day with them. Particularly the big stars—because they only play a

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*Ed Graham is the New York advertising man who invented such offbeat television commercial characters as Bert and Harry Peet (Peet's Beer) and Lunt's Tappi Tap-Tap Bread.*

---

few innings in spring training. And then they're left sitting on the bench actually looking for someone to talk to. The way I got out onto the field in the first place was by flashing a tag from a local cleaner. It said "Press Only!" And it had been pinned to the sleeve of the seersucker jacket which I'd taken to be pressed when I unpacked for my winter vacation in the Arizona sun.

That "Press Only" tag worked day after day in all the local training parks. And as time wore on, I tested how far it would carry me. I even began bringing a cheap camera with me (\$20) and taking snapshots of some of my new friends. The pictures aren't particularly professional. But the small boys who live in our neighborhood in Stamford, Conn., are impressed with me for the first time.



WARREN SPAHN TAKEN FROM A PRONE POSITION

## WARREN SPAHN

On the day Warren Spahn was due to pitch, I wandered out to the practice mound where he was warming up.

I walked up behind him, thinking I would get a picture of the famous number 21 on his back—a number that will surely be retired after the great pitcher turns it in.

Aiming my camera, I was about four feet in back of him. Instead of rearing back and throwing the ball, however, he paused and bent over to pick up the rosin bag. And as he did so he turned around and stared directly into my eyes. The greatest left-hander in the history of the National League staring down the weakest hitter ever to play for The Friends of the Library—an intramural team I had organized at Dartmouth.

I decided that I would try to convey the impression I had taken many pictures of him in seasons past. I had heard Eddie Mathews call Spahn "Hooks" the previous day. That would tab me as an insider. "How're you doing this year, Hooks?" I asked him.

"Lousy," he replied. And he turned back to the warmup catcher, aimed and fired. Would that be the end of my conversation with the great Warren Spahn?

"This is the biggest crowd I've seen here this year," I said. "Overflow."

He did not turn around this time.

"What do you expect?" Spahn said, jokingly. "They advertised I was going to pitch." I laughed sycophantically.

"See that curve?" he asked.

"No," I said.

I had been adjusting the shutter speed of my camera. But he misunderstood.

"What do you mean, 'No'?" Spahn asked me.

The initial flush of hero worship was wearing off. "I honestly didn't see it curve," I said.

"Then watch this," he said. And he made a short little gesture with his wrist in the direction of the warmup catcher so the kid would know a curve was coming. "Hook!" he shouted. And he reared back and threw.

"Hell," Spahn said. "I'm having trouble turning my damn hip over."

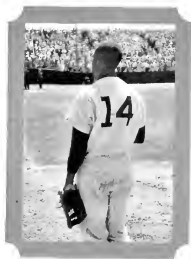
"You're doing something different," I said, not having any idea what he was talking about.

"Dammit," he said. "This spring's been rough. This is the first one."

I had taken enough from his back, so I moved around in front of him. I wanted to be down and shoot up at him. The long leg kicking forward would make an ideal 3-D photo. But I felt I'd have to discuss something of interest to keep him from complaining that I was getting in his way.

Thus was the Braves' first trip to Arizona. And I had heard they were looking it over, with a thought to moving their training site out in future years.

"I'll tell you something about Arizona," I said, lying



ERNIE BANKS HUMMING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

down and focusing my camera. "The air is so thin here curve balls don't break. The Cubs told me that."

"I think that's an excuse bad pitchers use," Spahn answered.

"It wasn't the pitchers that told me," I said. "It was the hitters."

I had heard Ernie Banks discussing it. And Banks does not strike me as the sort of fellow who analyzes things wrong. But Spahn would also have to be smart to win more than 300 games. "The Cub hitters say they haven't seen a curve ball all spring," I said.

"Well, they're going to see some today," Spahn said.

Then the national anthem started up. "See you around," Spahn said. But he wasn't seen around Rendezvous Park for long. He gave up six runs, including a homer to Banks, in the first two innings. "Arizona air," I thought to myself as I watched the ball (and Spahn) disappear out of the park.

## ERNIE BANKS

The first time I spoke to Ernie Banks, the greatest shortstop ever to play first base for the Cubs, he was sitting in the Cub dugout balancing a baseball on the toes of his shoes. As I passed by I asked him if he was readying an act for *The*

*comment*

## AN INNOCENT ABROAD Continued

*Ed Sullivan Show.* He took the ball off his shoe, stood up and held out his hand.

"How do you do?" he said. And he seemed so sincere that I'd like to have taken back the wisecrack about the Sullivan show. I told him I hadn't meant to sound smart-alecky about the ball on his shoe. Actually it was something of an accomplishment.

"Well, it looks silly," he said. "But an ophthalmologist in Chicago told me I ought to do it."

The previous year he had had some trouble with his depth perception, and he had worked hard to correct it. Mostly he had worked with elaborate viewing devices. But the ophthalmologist told him focusing on the baseball as he moved his foot up and down would be a good thing to do, just passing the time.

During my month with the Cubs I got to know Banks well. One day he took my 2½-year-old into the dugout and sat him on his lap while he explained baseball to him and I took pictures.

Here are some things that seemed interesting about Banks. He's the only baseball player I heard him along with *The Star-Spangled Banner*. In contrast to most others, he actually seemed to enjoy it before every game.

Another thing—after the game, all the Cubs beat it for the locker room as fast as they can. All except Banks. He feels he needs extra practice.

I snapped a picture of him once, all alone in the dugout, waiting for the crowd to file out above him. Then he got a coach to knock balls to him almost until dark.

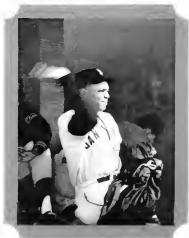
It struck me as funny that Banks would be the one Cub to stay for extra practice, when actually he should have been the only one allowed to go home. But thinking about it, maybe that's why he is who he is—and they are who they are (or aren't).

### WILLIE MAYS

The press has managed to get his personality across so well that when I actually met Willie Mays I kept feeling it had happened before. The slightest attempt at humor on my part brought a torrent of appreciative giggles. Jokes of his own were told with a big grin or such mock seriousness that even the glibbly would see through. Like all the stars I met, his mind seemed unusually fast. Maybe he lacks a liberal arts education but his raw intelligence is obviously high.

When he asked why my camera had two lenses (and I explained it was an old stereopticon—a 3-D model) he asked me to take one more picture of him. Just as I clicked, he picked up his mitt and threw it at the camera. Then he clutched his sides in merriment.

The San Francisco Giants as a team were great subjects. Their dugout had a prankish atmosphere reminiscent



WILLIE MAYS PLAYING THE OLD PEBBLE GAME

of my grammar school classroom at P.S. 101. Anything small and light was in the air a good deal of the time, Pebbles particularly. The players gathered pebbles trotting on and off the field at half-inning intervals. And inside the dugout the real game of the day took place.

The rules were simple enough. While all players stared straight ahead at the action on the field, a man at one end of the San Francisco dugout would try to hit a player at the other end. The object was to cause the victim to get up and deliver a short rabbit punch to the upper arm of a falsely accused onlooker.

I concentrated my camera on Willie Mays, whose target was Wes Westrum. As first base coach, Westrum stood with his back only 10 feet or so from his own dugout. And Mays was smart enough to wait until a teammate was racing for first base, thereby calling for 100% of Westrum's attention. At this point, he would lob a small pebble out of the dugout so it hit exactly in the back of Westrum's neck. Before the pebble made contact, however, Mays would strike an innocent position—usually sitting on both hands and chatting with one of his neighbors. Watching Willie's technique, I found myself wishing he had been in my class at P.S. 101, Queens. What spitball artistry he could have performed on old Miss Hamilton! What a joy he would

have been to the rest of us! I wouldn't be surprised if "Pebble-o-rama" or whatever they call the game—might have been responsible for the kind of team spirit that helped win the pennant last year.

#### ALVIN DARK

I decided to take a shot of all the Giants on the bench. Manager Alvin Dark was in the foreground. He sat nearest the water fountain with his cap on his knee. I decided to take the time to line my picture up properly. I squatted down, as I had seen some of the real photographers do.

"Excuse me," Dark said softly. "Do you happen to know who that is up at bat now?"

It seemed odd that he would ask. They had just announced it on the public address system.

"Ron Santo," I said.

"Thank you," Dark said. "What side of the plate does he hit from?"

"Right," I said. How dumb could he get? But then suddenly I realized I was being taken. Standing directly in Dark's line of vision, I was blocking his view of home plate. And he was using this device to make the point. Stung by my first exposure to baseball humor, I moved back toward the bat rack.



EDDIE MATHEWS WITH HIS BUDDY HANK AARON

"Thank you," Dark said. And he turned his attention once again to the game.

#### EDDIE MATHEWS

Eddie Mathews of the Milwaukee Braves was my chattiest subject. He had been having a bad spring. But the second day the Braves played in Mesa he hit two home runs and a double. Then he was rewarded with the rest of the afternoon off.

Looking at my pictures later, there was a relationship between how long that game had progressed and how happy Eddie Mathews looked.

The first time Mathews came up I flashed my "Press Only" card, stepped in front of the batters' box and asked the Cub pitcher to wait a moment. I told Eddie I'd like a picture of him taking his batting stance. The Cub catcher, Moe Thacker, and Umpire Jocko Conlan leaped out of the picture.

"That's not necessary," I said, struck by my newfound power.

Nevertheless Thacker stayed off to the left. But Jocko Conlan took me at my word and moved right back into the picture. "You know," the veteran umpire said, "I've never seen a picture of me and Eddie together that I'm

*continued*



ALVIN DARK AFTER I LET HIM SEE THE BALL FIELD

not calling a play. And with this mask on I'm the only one who knows it's me."

I told Jacko I'd be delighted to take a shot of him with Eddie and without his umpire's mask. He beamed. I took the picture of the two of them. And the game resumed. Now every time I look at the photo I feel I took advantage of a nice guy. And it bothers me.

The second time Mathews came up, I photographed him in the on-deck circle. I remember thinking to myself, this guy doesn't look any bigger than me. But after the picture was developed I could see that even relaxing he had muscles on his arm that are not on mine.

"Want me to stand up and swing the bats or anything?" he asked cheerfully. "Just like you are is fine," I said. "How come you take so many pictures?" he asked. "The other photographers don't take nearly as many as you do." "I'm just starting," I said. "Most of them don't come out."

Later in the dugout we talked about the other players as they came to bat. The remark I remember most clearly was that he seriously suspected George Altman wore three pairs of socks so no one would know how skinny his legs are. His best pal among the Braves was Henry Aaron. In all the dugouts the stars hung together.

In the Braves dugout I learned something that struck me as sad. No matter how close ballplayers are as friends, they rate each other's abilities coldly, sometimes cruelly.

For example, when Tommy Aaron was going up to bat I asked a young Brave player with whom he'd just been sitting and laughing on the bench, "Is Tommy Aaron Henry Aaron's twin brother?" "No," the player said. "Tommy's younger."

"They look so much alike," I said, "it's hard to tell them apart."

"Yeah," the player said. "Tommy even has the same stance as Henry."

"You know, you're right," I said. "I'll bet I could take a picture of Tommy and say it was Henry and nobody would know the difference."

"Well, don't take it when he's swinging," his friend said, "because that's where the resemblance stops."

## DUKE SNIDER

As the days went by I found myself growing bolder; I wanted to get better and better snapshots. Also there was the illicit thrill of seeing just how far my "Press Only" tag would take me.

I suppose my greatest triumph occurred just before a game with the Dodgers. That day I arranged for a coach to knock a series of balls off the outfield wall so I could get pictures of Duke Snider playing them on the rebound. At Ebbets Field that had been Snider's specialty. And I still picture him in my mind taking a ball barehanded off

the short Ebbets Field wall, then whipping it in to Pee Wee Reese. The coach and Duke were both very obliging. Right off, Snider preserved my regular features by rushing over and gloving a ball in front of my face while I was crouching and loading film into a camera. I suppose this indicated to Duke that I knew nothing about photographing outfielders in action.

"Who are these pictures for?" he asked, shagging a fly that fell short.

I considered saying the regular photographer on a local paper was sick that day and I had been chosen to fill in. But I decided it would be better to take a completely different approach.

"I'm doing a whole series for in-pack premiums," I answered. "Do you know what they are?"

"No," Snider answered. And I felt a sense of relief. For already the tone of his voice indicated he was sorry he'd asked.

"Well, there are two kinds of in-pack premiums," I droned on. "The best kind is the self-liquidating variety. That's the type where the respondee has to send a box top, plus an amount which covers the manufacturer's cost plus, of course, mailing and handling charges. Because it's self-liquidating the sales manager doesn't have to budget anything for the promotion." I had heard two men dis-



DUKE SNIDER PLAYS A HOT ONE OFF THE WALL





A POSED "UNPOSED" PICTURE OF LEO DUROCHER

cussing this in the elevator of an advertising agency I do animated commercials for.

"Man," Snider said, trying to get me off the subject, "it feels hotter than any 72° out here."

He was pointing at a temperature sign the local Chamber of Commerce had placed in the outfield. Then he loped gracefully to his right and picked a ball off the wall barehanded. It turned out to be one of my better action shots. Although Willie Mays said my best action shot was Harvey Kuenn spitting tobacco juice.

## LEO DUROCHER

Leo Durocher was the only person to give me the hard time I really deserved.

When Mr. Nice Guys Finish Last strode out toward his position as third base coach for the Los Angeles Dodgers, I stepped out of the Cub dugout and aimed my camera in his direction. Immediately he turned his back.

I walked around to the other side of him, set my camera, and he reversed himself again. After the Dodger half of the inning was over, he returned to the dugout and took a spot at the edge of the steps. He made a good picture relaxing in the sun. So I crossed over to snap it.

As I aimed he leaped up and disappeared inside the club-

house. The next inning there was another session of backturning at third base. And by this time people in the stands were snickering. They appreciated the fact that Leo was putting a pest in his place.

After that half inning I followed Durocher to the Dodger dugout. When he sat down I decided I might as well act like the pain in the neck he had already decided I was. "Am I making you nervous?" I asked him.

"You certainly are," he answered. "You certainly are."

Durocher had a tendency to repeat himself. He would be my choice for the Mad Hatter in an *Alice in Wonderland* movie.

"You certainly are! I'm not going to stand around while you shoot nine or 10 pictures of me doing this, that and the other thing."

"But I don't want nine or 10 pictures," I said. "I only want one."

"If you'd stop with one," Durocher answered—and he seemed to be speaking now for the benefit of the players in the dugout—"I'd be very happy to oblige. But I'm not going to stand around while you shoot a whole magazine layout on me. No sir. No thank you. No sir."

"But I don't want a whole magazine layout," I persisted. "I just want one picture."

"If it were really just one picture I'd be more than happy to oblige—pose anyway you say. I'd be extremely happy to oblige. But nine or 10 pictures, a whole magazine layout, not today."

At that point the Dodger team trotted in from the field for another turn at bat. And Durocher went back out to his third base coaching box. The mad-ten-party quality of our argument brought back old memories. It was the same feeling I had associated with the teams Durocher had managed so brilliantly—and yet so wackily.

I decided I would give up trying to get a picture of my ex-idol. Instead I asked Maury Walls if he'd hit a few balls in a pepper game going on behind the bleachers. Walls obliged. But I failed to get the picture I wanted—the exact moment a baseball and hat meet.

Half an hour later I wandered back toward the Cub dugout. And my path took me by the Dodger bench again. As I went by, a voice called out.

"Anytime, kid," Durocher was saying. "I'm ready whenever you are."

He was sitting stuffy on the dugout step, in a pose that indicated great personal dignity.

"Terrific," I said. "But I thought instead of a posed picture, I'd just take a shot of you relaxing, watching the game."

"I don't relax watching the game," Durocher replied. "Certainly not. You won't find any relaxers around here."

"Well, if you just lean back a little," I suggested, "maybe

a continued

# TITLEIST

AN INNOCENT ABROAD *continued*



## STARTS ITS 15<sup>TH</sup> STRAIGHT YEAR AS OVERWHELMING FAVORITE ON THE WINTER TOUR

### TOURNAMENT RECORD

Tournament	Playing Today	Worst Complete Two Put
LOS ANGELES	51	19
SAN DIEGO	49	20
SING CROSBY	137	52
LUCKY OPEN	65	52
PALM SPRINGS	227	102
PGA SENIORS	542	95
PHOENIX OPEN	79	23
TUCSON OPEN	87	19
TOTAL	958	346



\*PGA Seniors not shown on map

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fold your hands over your knees. You said if I took just one shot, I could have any pose I wanted."

"Certainly, kid," he said. But as I raised the camera, he held up his hand. "I'll tell you when, kid," he said. Then he proceeded to adjust his socks so there were no wrinkles in them. He also turned the angle of his hat just so. He took time to tug at and adjust the blue flannel shirt that the Los Angeles players wear under their white uniform top. Evidently he wanted just a fraction of solid blue to peek through at the sleeves. Finally he was ready. I took the picture.

"Thank you," I said backing away.

"You're entirely welcome," Durocher replied; "you're entirely welcome." Durocher's picture turned out to be a good one. And it did not look posed—proof, I suppose, that Leo is a pro. And I am not.

In closing, here is something I learned about spring training: Don't believe what you see in the training camps. Everyone knows teams like the Yankees don't do well at spring training, because they don't try for wins. They only want to get in shape. But still—it was incredible how good the Cubs looked. So many rookies fielded well, and hit tremendously, that the team almost won the Cactus League title.

On the last day of the spring season a sign appeared in the stands saying, "Bring on the Yanks."

Sure, it's easy to fool fans like me. But a Cub coach's reaction to that sign was along the same lines.

"I'll let you in on a secret," he said. "You're looking at a team that's going to surprise everybody in baseball."

But then, looking back, my own spring opinions proved pretty stupid all around. For example, two of my best pictures in Arizona were taken of a pair of Cub rookies I figured to play big roles in a Cub march to the first division. I "scouted" Lou Brock as a tremendously fast outfielder who would hunt a lot and steal plenty of bases.

If you had asked me what major league player would steal 104 bases in 1962, I would have said Lou Brock for sure. So I could crow about my predictions later, I took special pictures of Brock's sensational bunting style. However, during the regular season Brock hardly ever bunted safely. He stole very few bases. And the one "big" act he performed used a talent that had eluded me completely. Brock slammed a fast ball so hard he became the first man in history to blast a home run into the dead center field bleachers at the Polo Grounds, which is about nine miles.

On the other hand, I pegged rookie Ken Hubbs as the new long ball threat for the Cubs. He looked to me like a sure bet to knock off National League Rookie of the Year honors. For ammunition to say, "I told you so," I snapped his flawless batting form repeatedly.

Hubbs did make Rookie of the Year, but not because of his hitting. It was his beautiful glove work at second base—something I hadn't noticed at all. By September he had broken Bobby Doerr's major league record for games played at second base without an error (73). And in the process he handled a record number of chances, too (418). Pretty good year for a rookie, except for one thing. He hit .260, and led the National League in strikeouts with 129.

Granted, I proved to be a baseball dodo, instead of the baseball brain I thought I was. But the memories of my idols more than make up for that.

If, like myself, you spent summer afternoons at a place like Yankee Stadium hollering with your full lung power, "Come on Phil!" or, "You can do it, Joe. Let's see you tag one." Or simply, before the game, "Hey Allie! Look over here!"—all with no measurable results—try what I did.

Get yourself a "Press Only" tag, go to spring training, walk out on the field, step into the dugout and say something like, "How's it going today, Mickey?" You'll either get yourself arrested or make a new friend.

END



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were willing enough, even without special pleas. They had suffered three defeats in a row from OSU and McCracken said "there is nothing we would rather do than deprive Ohio State of a fourth straight trip to the NCAA." It might almost seem McCracken holds a grudge against Ohio State and, in fact, he does. But first of all, Illinois had to get by Iowa, and it almost didn't. After building up a 13-point half-time lead, the hot-shooting Illini turned cold. Iowa whittled away at the lead until, with about 2½ minutes to go, it was behind only 69-67. However, sophomore Tal Brody drove in for a layup, sophomore Skip Thoren sank a pair of free throws and Illinois won 73-69. With that over, the Illinois players settled down in front of their television sets to watch their new Hoosier friends play Ohio State in a fight-marked game at Bloomington.

In the beginning, it looked like a romp for OSU. Despite a noisy and decidedly unfriendly welcome from the 10,500 rooters jamming the Indiana fieldhouse, Gary Bradds, the Bucks' All-America center, got his team off to an early lead. With 6:23 left to play, Ohio State was still ahead 71-60. Then Indiana's Tom Bolyard began to hit. He put in the Hoosiers' next 11 points, and almost before the Bucks knew it their lead was cut to 73-71. With 47 seconds to go the score was tied at 79-79, at which point Ohio State decided to play for one shot. Bradds came wheeling around a screen at the top of the key but, instead of taking the fade-away jump shot that had earned him most of his 32 points, he tried to drive through Indiana's three-man zone. He was called for charging, his fifth personal foul. In the overtime, Steve Redenbough and Jimmy Ruff got the Hoosiers ahead with four foul shots and the Bucks were beaten 87-85. "I'll bet I've got a lot of friends in Illinois today," said Coach McCracken.

The Big Eight roundup was less spectacular, but even more surprising. Colorado, not playing its best lately, was given slight chance against Kansas State in Manhattan, where the Wildcats almost never lose. Colorado Coach Sny Wulfsberg was especially apprehensive about playing there. Wary of having visiting coaches attribute their defeats at Boulder to the high altitude, Wulfsberg kept his face quiet straight while taking public note of Kansas State's proximity to the Kari River.

"That river-bottom sickness gets you," he said. "The low altitude definitely affects your team's play."

But once the game began Colorado's tall front liners showed unexpected immunity to river-bottom sickness. Breaking off quick picks, Jim Davis, Ken Charlton and Milt Mueller took turns driving in for easy layups. K-State's winning defense, so effective during its nine-game winning streak, turned meek and confused, and Colorado had no trouble winning 69-56. The victory gave the Bulls a tie for the championship and, be-

*(continued)*

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### BASKETBALL'S WEEK

cause they had beaten Kansas State twice during the season, a place in the NCAA tournament.

DePaul prepared for New York's National Invitation Tournament by beating Duquesne 66-66, but two other NIT teams met opponents who were not awed. Marquette, after defeating Creighton 74-68, bowed to Air Force 70-63 and St. Louis was beaten by Bradley 66-60. The top three:

1. DUQUESNE (20-11)
2. LOYOLA OF CHICAGO (24-2)
3. OHIO STATE (26-4)

### THE EAST

The Ivy League had its share of last-minute drama too. Defending Champion Yale, seemingly out of the race in midseason, beat Harvard 80-76 in overtime to force a play-off with Princeton for the Ivy League title and an NCAA berth. Some 4,500 excited followers of both teams crowded into Fordham's neutral gym for the occasion, and roughly half of them were pleased when Dennis Lynch, a little backcourt man, and Rick Kaminsky, a compactly built forward who built his way to the basket like a full-back, shot the Elis into a 29-29 tie at half time. Meanwhile, Butch van Breda Kolff, the Princeton coach, fidgeted nervously on the bench. He grimaced and groaned, gesticulated frantically as he shouted instructions to his team, and glared at the officials. But nothing helped and, with 12½ minutes to go, Princeton was barely ahead 37-35. The Tigers, who had been attacking cautiously and shooting only sparingly against Yale's vaunting man-to-man, badly needed some help. It came from their fire sophomore, Bill Bradley, a rather unobtrusive figure in the first half. In the next eight minutes he scored 13 of the Tigers' 35 points, passed off artfully to Art Hyland on a fast break for the other two, and Princeton led 52-45. Bradley, who got 23 points in all, fouled out soon after, but it didn't matter. Hyland, dribbling deftly, took charge of a frustrating Tiger stall, handling the basketball as if the sport were a one-man game. When the overzealous Elis fouled trying to get the ball, Hyland sank nine straight free throws to clinch the championship for Princeton, 65-53.

NCAA-bound NYU once again had a trying time against a city rival. St. John's, going nowhere, slowed down the impatient Violets and took advantage of NYU's repeated defensive lapses. But Barry Kramer managed to elude the grasping Redmen and score 20 points, and NYU won 56-47. In other games, Fordham took Manhattan 66-61 and Holy Cross 59-57. Providence beat Fairfield 85-65 and Brown 80-57, and Villanova defeated Seton Hall 71-64, holding Nick Werkman, the country's leading scorer, to 34 points. Werkman, hobbling around on an arthritic ankle, scored 27

this average is 29.5) against Iowa, but his team lost again, 83-79. The top three:

1. PROVIDENCE (35-4)
2. NYU (19-3)
3. ST. JOSEPH'S (20-2)

#### THE SOUTH

Couch Jim McCafferty has become so used to being booed in effigy by playful Xavier of Ohio students that he didn't even flinch when they strung him up in 13 places on the campus one day this season. He merely went about his business, and last weekend business was good. His much-maligned Musketeers beat Creighton 80-67 and St. Bonaventure 89-75 at Louisville's Freedom Hall to win the first National Catholic College Tournament.

It took some doing, but the Ohio Valley Conference finally got a champion. In a playoff at Bowling Green, Ky., Tennessee Tech caught Morehead State without Guard Harold Sergeant, its ailing 42 case of the flu) top scorer, and won 80-68. The top three.

1. BARK (34-32)
2. MISSISSIPPI STATE (25-6)
3. WEST VIRGINIA (24-7)

#### THE SOUTHWEST

It wasn't much consolation for a poor season, but Baylor was happy anyway. The seventh-place Bears thwarted Texas' inside shooters with a late-clogging defense and handed the Longhorns their only Southwest Conference defeat, 55-48. There was some solace for Rice, too. The Owls beat Texas A&M 73-70 to tie the Aggies for second.

Arizona State, warming up for the NCAA, had a sticky time with Arizona. The Sun Devils were slowed by some slight but nagging injuries and could hardly cope with Arizona's determined defense. They just did win, 58-53. The top three.

1. ARIZONA STATE (24-7)
2. TEXAS (16-6)
3. TEXAS WESTERN (16-7)

#### THE WEST

The Big Six race, unpredictable all year, ended in a tie between UCLA and Stanford (see page 60), but the West Coast AC came up with a winner. San Francisco, after twice fighting off Santa Clara's rallying Broncos, finally won 62-61 on Dave Lee's free throw with two seconds to play. Idaho's audacious Vandulfs entertained some hope when they headed for Seattle last weekend, but they soon learned the hard facts of basketball life on the road. First Washington beat them 58-50. Then Seattle, with Eddie Miles outscoring the fabled Gus Johnson, 33 points to 30, defeated them 95-88. Oregon State ended its regular season with two wins over Oregon, 65-67 and 71-65. The top three:

1. SEATTLE (21-4)
2. WGA (18-7)
3. OREGON STATE (16-7)

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19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

# THE READERS TAKE OVER

## PANGUITCH PANGS

Sirs:

Thanks for your fine article on the Pangutch, Utah basketball fever (*The Osh Gasser in Pangutch*, March 4). As one who graduated from high school in neighboring Cedar City, and who was there as a disappointed high school senior when Pangutch captured the Utah Class-B championship in 1957 (I think my Cedar City team finished fifth), I feel you have captured the attitude, spirit and atmosphere of a small Utah town exactly, and with excellence. This atmosphere is, in its way, exciting, but it is something the large city resident cannot ordinarily appreciate. Congratulations for presenting it to them as it actually is—and good luck to Pangutch in this year's state tournament.

DAVID R. NEWELL

Brookline, Mass.

Sirs:

In Pangutch vernacular your story is swell. That equals sensational in Hollywood.

THE MC EWENS

Pangutch, Utah

Sirs:

I had never heard of Pangutch, Utah and never expect to see the town. Yet John Underwood made me feel as though I knew those kids and parents. By the way, just how pretty is this Melanie McEwen? She can't be that pretty!

HAROLD SEYERSON

Kenyon, Minn.

• Even prettier.—ED

Sirs:

Buna (Texas to you, sir), about which I write to you at this time every year, is apparently on its way back to its sixth or seventh (I've lost count) state basketball championship of the decade. But it looks like youse dopes ain't never gonna get to Buna because you got lost in Pangutch looking at Melanie. So I ain't gonna call Buna to your attention no more. Phooey.

E. C. BAREDALE

Arlington, Texas

Sirs:

I was editor of the *Garfield County News* at the time of the Pangutch "drink of water" incident. What happened in the next five to seven minutes is also a part of the story of basketball U.S.A.

An SRO crowd prevented the Pangutch team from returning to the floor by the time

the signal was given to resume play. One of the referees (whose back was turned to the playing floor) threw the ball to the opponents. Without opposition, naturally, they scored. A Pangutch rover bounded to his feet to yell to the referee that he shouldn't have put the ball in play. A friend reached over to pull him to his seat. He whirled, thinking it was an opposing team fan, and started that evening's biggest battle. The floor was immediately covered with irate fans. First flew—even a little blood.

Postmaster Frank Richards, who has a very fabulous memory for sport detail, could tell you for sure, but I seem to recall that the two points were taken away from the other team. Pangutch went on to win by more than two points, but the "town talk" dwelled for some weeks on what would have happened had Pangutch won by only one point.

JIM CRAWFORD

Ginnell, Iowa

Sirs:

That other day I came through Pangutch on my return to Arizona and had breakfast there. As you may guess, the folks at the cafe were talking about the basketball thriller of the night before. It seems that the home town had won again.

QUINTIN S. HALE

Snowflake, Ariz.

Sirs:

Author Underwood's story brought to light a glaring problem in Utah. The people of Garfield County are willing to spend \$380,000 for a gym as large as most Class-A schools have, but they are unwilling to pay their teachers a salary commensurate with their training and responsibilities (\$4,750 for Coach Davis).

Maybe when Utah (and most of the U.S.) adjusts its sense of values and puts all facets of schooling in their proper perspective, then maybe we can cope with the problems confronting education.

NORMAN RIGGS

Sandy, Utah

## BEHIND THE SMOKE, FORDS

Sirs:

That stroke screen at the Daytona 500 was about as opaque as my living-room window (*Big Smoke Screen in Daytona*, March 4). Don't you think the author could have found a less obvious pretense on which to sound off about the almighty Chevro?

RICHARD B. BULLOCK

Fitchburg, Mass.

continued

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2. World Champion Valeri Brumel of the USSR clearing 7-feet-2 in the 1963 Millrose Games (SI, Feb. 11, 1963)
3. The David S. Ingalls Rink at Yale University, designed by the late Eero Saarinen (SI, Feb. 9, 1959)
4. An English fox hunt on a California desert, by members of the West Hills Hunt (SI, May 8, 1961)
5. Mickey Mantle, heir to the tradition of Ruth and DiMaggio, could *beat* 300 (SI, April 10, 1961)
6. The classic Houghton harness racing sulky is today basically what it was in 1908 (SI, May 14, 1962)
7. Tenley Albright reveals the elegance that made her the 1956 Olympic Champion (SI, Feb. 7, 1955)

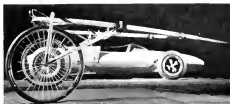


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### 10TH HOLE *continued*

Sirs:

It took a lot of words and paragraphs before you made mention that five 1963 Fords placed first, second, third, fourth and fifth in the Daytona 500. Maybe GM would now like to declare a new moratorium on stock-car racing.

JOHN F. HICKLY

Warrensburg, N.Y.

### PROPER POOL

Sirs:

As a legitimate billiards champion I should like it made clear to your readers that the pool hustlers' convention in Johnson City, N.Y., which you described and illustrated in the February 25 issue (*Battle of the Hottest Stick*), should in no way be confused with the World Pocket Billiard Tournament, a true sports event, discontinued after 1955 partly because of the stigma forced on the sport by the hustlers.

Fortunately for pocket billiards, the sport is now enjoying a spectacular revival—in the proper surroundings that hustlers avoid. A new generation of fine players is being developed, some of whom will be seen later this year in a televised series of matches. And interest is at an all-time high in competition leading to the National Intercollegiate tournament May 2-4 at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque.

I look forward to the resumption soon of true championship play when it will not happen that "Shortly after midnight a couple of hustlers arrive."

WILLIE MONFORD

Haddon Heights, N.J.

### THE HORSE SHOWS

Sirs:

Your picture of the photo finish in Santa Anita (*Mooring Toward a Day in May*, March 4) clearly shows Bonjour winning by a toe over Candy Spots, or doesn't that part of a horse's anatomy count? After all, he runs with them, why can't he win with them?

N. W. SPRAW

Long Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

Isn't it true that any part of the horse's body that goes over the line counts as a victory for that horse?

RONALD RUBINSTEIN

Kerhonkson, N.Y.

● No *The Rules of Racing* as adopted by The Jockey Club specifically states that the positions of horses in a photo finish shall be determined exclusively by their noses.—ED.

### LOME STAR STATEMENT

Sirs:

We were impressed by your reporting "accuracy" in the March 4 issue. You

claim in Score card that Aggie football players were the "ringleaders" of the fight in Austin. You must have obtained your information from the University of Texas student newspaper, which is known to be unbiased toward Texas A&M. How else could you be so certain that the Aggies started the trouble?

Also, where did you get the information reported in *BASEBALL'S WEEK* that the two basketball players who rejected the bribe attempts are from SMU? They aren't. We are sure that even our friends on the UT newspaper know that the players involved in the attempt at bribery are from Rice University.

ROYCE KNOX  
WALLY GRIFF

College Station, Texas

● The bribe attempt did indeed involve Rice players, not SMU.—ED.

Sirs:

As a matter of fact, according to all Texas papers, there were only 200 Texas A&M students at that particular game. Now if that number of Texas Aggies saw fit to take on some 7,000 U of Texas students attending the game, that's the sort of mankind spirit we need to defend our country.

It is also rather significant that no such "disorders" occur when a visiting team plays Texas A&M at College Station, regardless of intense rivalry.

W. H. HARDY JR.

Galena Park, Texas

### KITED KITES

Sirs:

As an old Massachusetts kite flyer I was momentarily startled to read (*Scorecard*, Feb. 25) that three kids from Tacoma, Wash., had so far and so easily surpassed my childhood efforts. As I read beyond the first paragraph, however, it was plain that the boys have deluded both themselves and your reporters.

In my experience a single dime-store kite cannot attain an appreciable altitude. After a while the kite moves farther from the attachment point, measured horizontally, but gains no appreciable altitude.

My experience is borne out by that of the professional kite flyers. The *Encyclopedia Americana* tells of the Weather Bureau ranging instruments to 23,835 feet with 10 kites and 8.5 miles of wire on May 5, 1910. The kites were spaced, on an average, less than a mile apart on the line. Also the altitude per kite was about 2,400 feet. Even granting one dime-store kite the altitude capability of two Weather Bureau kites, the altitude could not exceed 5,000 feet.

Conclusion: The boys should have measured the altitude instead of the length of the string.

FREDERICK CYRIL GRANT  
Newport News, Va.

## YESTERDAY

# Reprieve for the Redskins

Utah surprised everyone in the 1944 NCAA tournament after losing in the first round of the NIT only a week earlier by DAVE ANDERSON

On March 20, 1944 the red-and-white uniformed University of Utah basketball players walked slowly off the court in Madison Square Garden. They had just lost to Kentucky 46-38 in the opening round of the National Invitation Tournament.

"No curfew tonight," Coach Vidal Peterson told his team in the dressing room. "The season's over. You might as well go out and see New York while you have the chance. We're going home tomorrow. But you've got nothing to be ashamed of. You played well."

The Redskins were tired with Kentucky at the half and didn't start to fade until midway through the final period. Sophomore Herb Wilkinson scored 15 points and 18-year-old Arnie Ferrin, an All-America forward, added 13. Utah had its chances (the team sank only one field goal less than Kentucky) but missed 10 of 14 foul shots.

"That's what killed us," Coach Peterson said to the newspapermen a few minutes later. "The kids were a little tight playing here for the first time; a little gawky-eyed at all the people. They're a young bunch. They only average 18. They're all freshmen except Wilkinson." Peterson shook his head. "I wish we could play here again. I think we'd do a lot better."

A moment later Ned Irish, the acting president of Madison Square Garden, beckoned to Peterson. "You might be back sooner than you think," Irish said. "The NCAA wants you to replace Arkansas in the Western Regionals. They're going to call you in an hour or so at the hotel. If you want some free advice, take the bid. You can win both games out there and you'll be back here next week for the NCAA final."

As Peterson walked the few blocks to the Paramount Hotel, where the team was staying, he thought of what Irish had told him in the dressing room. His team originally had been invited to the National Collegiate Athletic Association tournament. With an 18-3 record (losing

only to two service teams and an industrial team), Utah was recognized as the best college squad in the Rocky Mountain area. "But the NCAA wouldn't guarantee us our expenses," Peterson said recently, "and they wouldn't give us a cut of the gate receipts. So we decided to come to the NIT." While Utah was en route to New York, however, Arkansas withdrew from the NCAA tournament because two of its players had been injured in an auto accident.

Soon after Peterson arrived in his hotel room the phone rang. Harold Olsen, chairman of the NCAA basketball tournament committee, confirmed what Irish had told the Utah coach. Peterson demanded that the NCAA guarantee Utah expenses and a percentage of the receipts this time. After a number of long-distance calls the NCAA finally agreed to Peterson's terms. "By then it was 3 o'clock in the morning," says Peterson, "and we had to go out and rustle up the kids. Some were in their rooms but some were still out on the town."

A student manager alerted the incoming players as they strolled into the hotel lobby. The players who were already in bed were awakened with the news that the team was going to Kansas City a few hours later on an 8 a.m. train. "That was during the war," Peterson says, "and passenger trains would get sidetracked every so often to let troop trains through. It took us nearly three days to get to New York from Salt Lake City. Going to Kansas City, it took us from Tuesday morning to Thursday." The next night Utah played Missouri in the NCAA opening round and won 45-35. In the Western Regional final on Saturday, Utah defeated Iowa State 40-31 and immediately got back into their Pullman berths for the trip back to New York and the NCAA championship final against Dartmouth the following Tuesday.

Dartmouth, captained by All-America Center Aud Brindley, was an eight-point favorite, largely because of two late-season reinforcements through the Navy

*(continued)*

EMWJ



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